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ELSE
TO BUY

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Send your brand new, revolutionary, "Play-By-Ear" Piano Course, and 72-page Song Book. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.49 plus c. o. d. postage on your positive guarantee I may return the course in 3 weeks for money back if not satisfied. (Send \$1.49 with coupon and Dave Minor pays the postage.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

BLUE CIRCLE

THE WHEEL SPINS... THE PLAYERS STAND IN HUSHED AWE AS THEY WATCH... WAIT... AND WONDER IF LADY LUCK WILL POINT TO THEM! BUT THE GREATEST GAMBLE OF ALL IS THE GAMBLE WITH DEATH THAT THE BLUE CIRCLE TAKES AT TERRIFYING ODDS...

IN THE CASE OF THE GAMBLING FOOL!

LEN STAFFORD GOES VISTING ONE EVENING, AND...

LEN... LEN STAFFORD,
MY BOY... COME IN!

HELLO,
MR. KROWIN!
THANK YOU!



IT'S BEEN AGES, LEN! LET ME SEE...THE LAST TIME WAS...

YES, KRONIN... WHEN FATHER DIED- TWO YEARS AGO!



THAT'S RIGHT! YOU SHOULD DROP IN MORE OFTEN! TAKING CARE OF YOUR FINANCES IN MY BANK IS VERY IMPERSONAL, YOU KNOW!

HA! YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR!



JUST THEN MR. KRONIN'S SON APPEARS. AND...

GOODBYE, DAD!

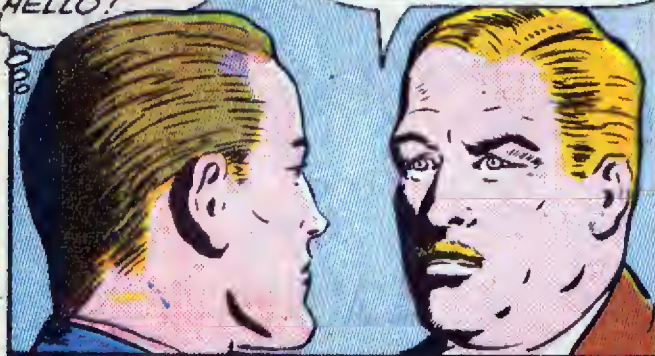
SO LONG SON, REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!



SOMETHING WRONG WITH STAN? HE LOOKED AWFULLY UPSET!

ER, YES, LEN! I'VE BEEN HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH THE BOY LATELY! NOW, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND...?

HM! HE COULD HAVE SAID HELLO!

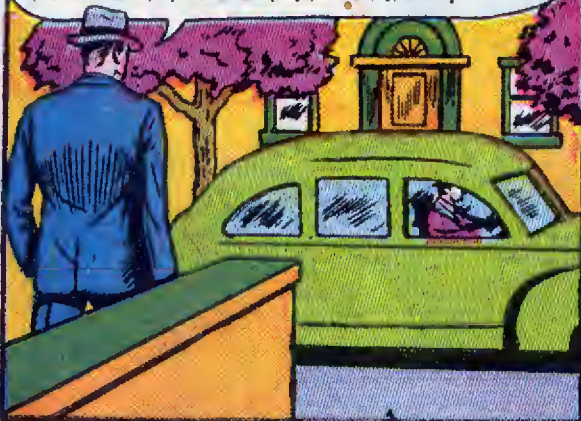


NOTHING IMPORTANT, SIR! JUST A SOCIAL CALL! WELL, I MUST BE GOING NOW!

COME AND GO, EH? ALL RIGHT, LEN... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!



OUTSIDE... THERE GOES THE KID! HE RACED OUT OF THE HOUSE LIKE MAD! NOW, WHERE WOULD HE BE WANTING TO GO IN SUCH A HURRY?



THE ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO FOLLOW HIM!



HMM! THE CLUB FORTY...
THIS PLACE IS OWNED
BY MARTY FILCHOCK, THE
GAMBLER!

INSIDE THE CLUB...

OHO! IT WON'T TAKE
MUCH GUESSING TO
GUESS THAT BEYOND
THAT DOOR IS A
NEATLY FURNISHED
GAMBLING ROOM... I'VE
ENOUGH CASH TO FLASH
TO GAIN ADMITTANCE!

HI, PARDNER... MIND
IF A CATTLE MAN FROM
DAKOTA SPLURGES A
LITTLE SILVER ON THE
ROULETTE WHEEL?

YOUR BANK
ACCOUNT IS YER
CALLING CARD.
GO AHEAD!

CLUB 40

WOW! SOME LAYOUT FILCHOCK'S GOT!
AND THERE'S YOUNG KRONIN AT THE
ROULETTE!

THAT KID'S DROPPED TWO
THOUSAND DOLLARS ALREADY!
NOW HE'S PLAYING WITH THE
MANAGEMENT'S MONEY. IS THIS
WHAT STAN AND
HIS FATHER
HAVE BEEN
ARGUING
ABOUT?

NOW LEN IS GOING TO MARTY
--- TO SIGN SOME I.O.U.'S!
IT'S TIME FOR THE BLUE
CIRCLE COUNCIL TO
HANDLE THIS...

LEAVING FOR HIS APARTMENT
AT ONCE, LEN STAFFORD
IS SURPRISED WHEN HE
ARRIVES AND FINDS...

WHAT IS THIS? SOMEONE
IN THE COUNCIL ROOM
AND I HAVEN'T CALLED
A MEETING YET!

I'LL BE IN MY
UNIFORM IN A
JIFFY... AND
FIND OUT WHAT
IS GOING ON
HERE!

HELLO, COUNCIL MEMBERS!
WHAT'S THE REASON FOR
THIS FORCED MEETING?

BLUE CIRCLE... ONE OF
OUR COUNCIL MEMBERS IS
IN GRAVE TROUBLE! IT IS
FRANK CRAVEN... HE'LL
SPEAK FOR HIMSELF!



SIR, MY POSITION IN THE BANK IS
DESPERATE! SOMEONE HAS BEEN
TOUCHING MY BOOKS AND I HAVE
FOUND A FOURTEEN THOUSAND
DOLLAR DEFICIT! AS A TELLER
WITH A CRIMMINAL RECORD, I STAND
NO CHANCE IF
DISCOVERED!

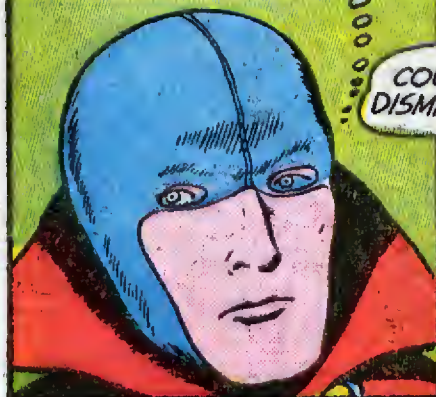


WHY... THAT'S MR. KRONIN'S
BANK! HIS SON WORKS
THERE DURING THE DAY
AS A TELLER ALSO!

DON'T WORRY, CRAVEN!
THE FACT YOU BROUGHT
THIS UP PROVES YOUR
INNOCENCE! I'LL
STRAIGHTEN THIS
WHOLE THING OUT...

OH, FIXER
... YOU'LL
STAY!

OKAY,
CIRCLE!



COUNCIL
DISMISSED!

THANK YOU!



FIXER... YOU'RE AN EX-BIG TIME
GAMBLER! YOU KNOW HOW TO OPERATE
THE ROULETTE WHEEL TO WORK
YOUR WAY, DON'T YOU...

THIS MORNING, WHEN THE CLUB
FORTY CLOSES! I'LL GET YOU
ALL THE TOOLS THAT ARE
NECESSARY!

I GET WHAT
YOU
MEAN...

WHEN
DO I
START?

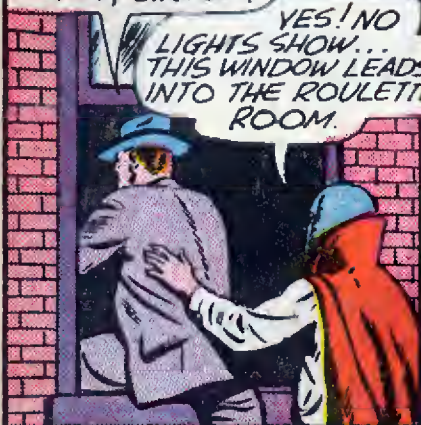
I PROMISED NEVER
TO DO THIS AGAIN,
BUT FOR YOU...
ANYDAY!



SOME TIME LATER IN THE REAR OF CLUB FORTY...

ARE YOU SURE THE CLUB'S EMPTY, CIRCLE?

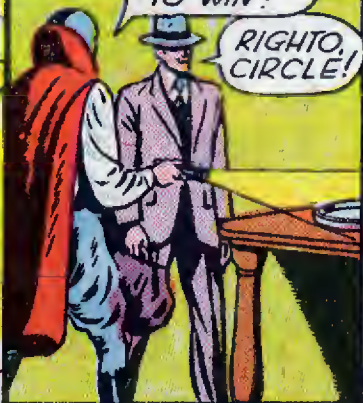
YES! NO LIGHTS SHOW... THIS WINDOW LEADS INTO THE ROULETTE ROOM.



ONCE INSIDE...

THERE'S THE TABLE FIXER... GO TO WORK ON NUMBER FORTY, BLACK! TO WIN!

RIGHTO, CIRCLE!



MINUTES LATER...

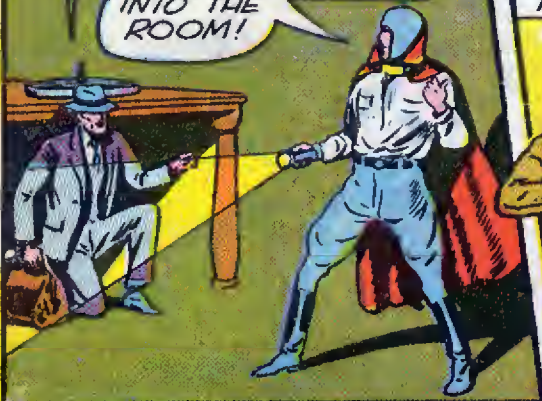
HURRY, FIXER... I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

OKAY CIRCLE.. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DROP THIS INLAY PLUG IN THIS HOLE AND I'M FINISHED!



ALL FINISHED... NOW WHAT?

NOW WE GET OUT OF HERE, BUT FAST... SOMEONE'S COMING INTO THE ROOM!



JUST AS BLUE CIRCLE AND FIXER DISAPPEAR THROUGH THE WINDOW...

MUST BE YOUR NERVES, GUNNER... NO ONE'S HERE!

YEAH... GUESS IT WAS ME NERVES!



WHILE OUTSIDE

YOU'RE A PEACH, FIXER! THANKS A LOT! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE YOU NOW!

FORGET IT! BESIDES, MARTY'S TABLES WERE FIXED UP TO MAKE SUCKERS OUT OF ALL PLAYERS,

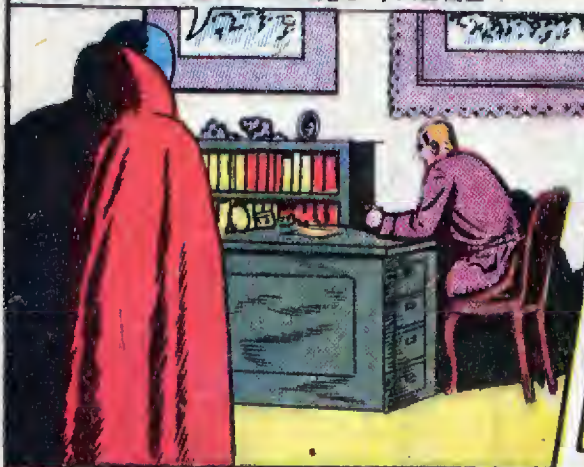


THE BLUE CIRCLE GOES TO THE KRONIN MANSION...

HMM! A LIGHT ON IN THE LIBRARY! IT MUST BE MR. KRONIN, BUT WHY IS HE UP SO LATE?

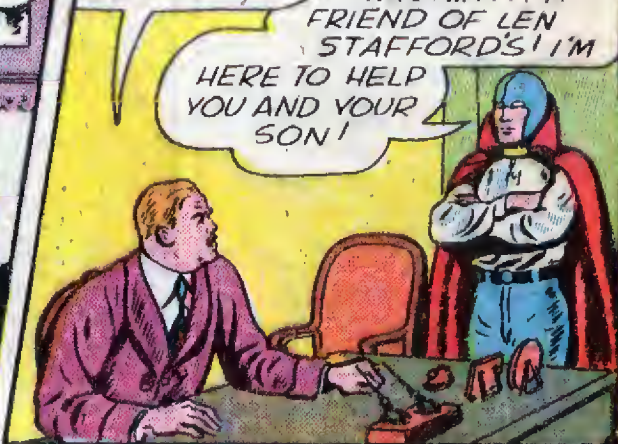


HMM! THERE'S KRONIN! HE LOOKS TERRIBLY WORRIED! ABOUT HIS SON I'LL BET... ER-HELLO THERE!



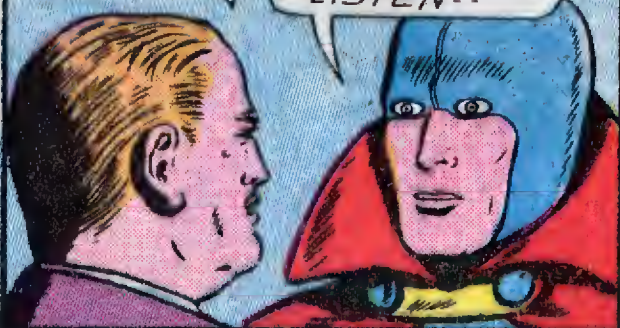
OH! WHO... HOW DID YOU GET IN?

I'M THE BLUE CIRCLE, MR. KRONIN... A FRIEND OF LEN STAFFORDS! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU AND YOUR SON!



LEN SENT YOU, EH? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY SON!

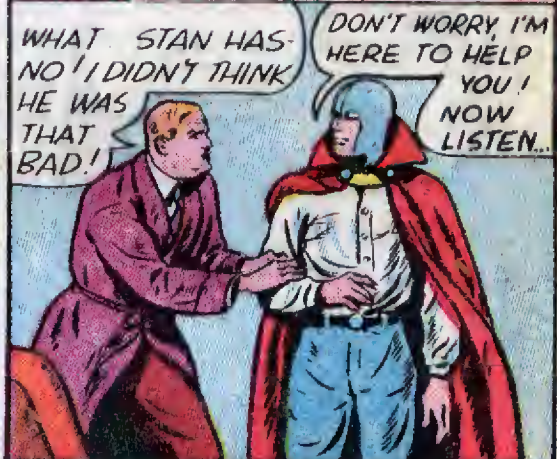
EVERYTHING! AN INNOCENT MAN MAY GO TO JAIL ON HIS ACCOUNT LISTEN--



THE CIRCLE TELLS ALL, AND--

WHAT STAN HAS NO! I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS THAT BAD!

DON'T WORRY, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU! NOW LISTEN--



AFTER THE BLUE CIRCLE OUTLINES HIS PLAN TO THE ELDER KRONIN

YOUR PLAN SHOULD HELP STRAIGHTEN STAN OUT... HE'S UPSTAIRS, ASLEEP!

I WAS SURE YOU'D CONSENT. SIR! THANKS



CAUTIOUSLY, THE BLUE CIRCLE ENTERS STAN'S ROOM!

SLEEPING NERVOUSLY! WON'T TAKE MUCH TO WAKE HIM UP! AH... STAN... STAN KRONIN!



HUH WHO. HEY! WHO ARE YOU!! WHA--

QUIET! STAN! I'M A FRIEND OF YOURS... I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE BANK... EVERYTHING



I-I GUESS IT'S ALL CAUGHT UP TO ME! GO AHEAD... TELL THE POLICE!

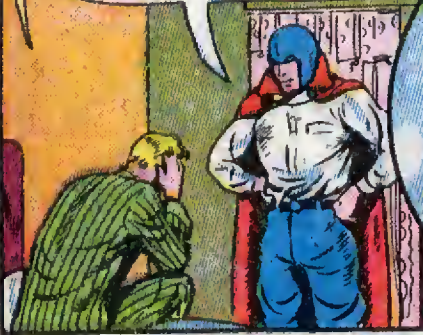
NO, STAN! YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH PUNISHMENT I'M GOING TO STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT!

YOU-YOU MEAN... OH, IF YOU ONLY COULD, I'D NEVER PUT MYSELF IN A MESS LIKE THIS AGAIN!

THAT A BOY! NOW LISTEN! YOU'RE GOING TO THE CLUB FORTY TOMORROW NIGHT AND...

THE NEXT EVE AT THE CLUB FORTY...

HERE COMES STAN... GOOD!

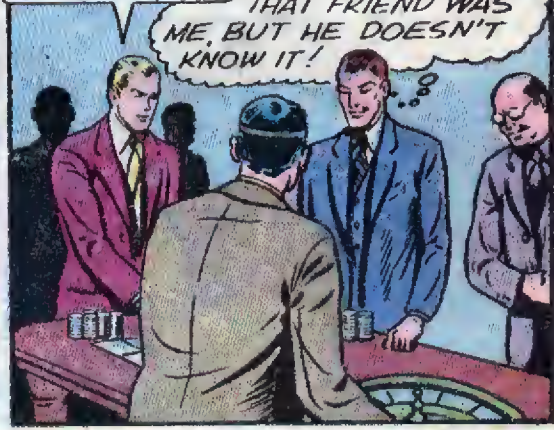


WHY LEN STAFFORD ... I-I...

DON'T APOLOGIZE FOR NOT SPEAKING TO ME AT YOUR HOUSE, STAN! FORGET IT AN' PLAY.

A FRIEND OF MINE TIPPED ME OFF THAT NUMBER FORTY IS THE LUCKY NUMBER TONIGHT. ON THE RED!

THAT FRIEND WAS ME, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW IT!



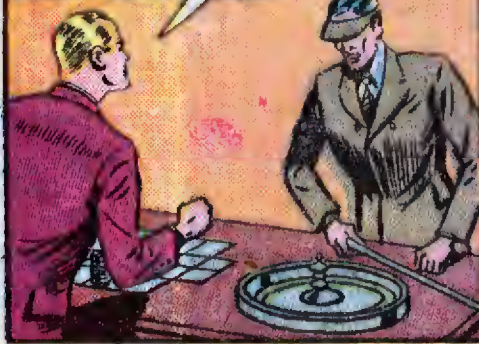
NOW I'LL DEPRESS THE INLAID PLUG AND SEE IF "FIXER" HAS DONE A GOOD JOB...



THE LITTLE BALL STOPS AND...

NUMBER FORTY RED... THE WINNER!

HURRAH! I'LL DOUBLE UP...



TIME AND TIME AGAIN THE BALL STOPS ON...

NUMBER FORTY AGAIN... AMAZING! THE FIFTH SPIN!

WOWEE! TWENTY FOUR THOUSAND AND ALL MINE!



SUDDENLY, FILCHOCK COMES FORWARD...

THIS TABLE IS CLOSED!

HERE'S THE TEN THOUSAND I OWE YOU, MART!

THE REST GOES TO THE BANK!

0000



I'D BETTER FOLLOW STAN IN CASE...



MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE BLUE CIRCLE WAITS AS...

GET THAT KRONIN KID! HE CAN'T GYP OUR DOUGH!

SAYS YOU!



A WHIRLWIND FIGURE IN BLUE SMASHES AT MARTY...

THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO, MARTY!

YALP! GET HIM, MEN!

I'LL...



JUST THEN...

YEOW...THE POLICE!!

WHO'D YOU EXPECT I'D CALL? SANDY CLAUS? DROP THE ROD!



MINUTES LATER....

DON'T MENTION IT, BOYS! KEEP THOSE CROOKS BUSY IN JAIL... SO LONG!

THANKS FOR THE TIP-OFF, BLUE CIRCLE!



THE NEXT DAY....

LEN... I WISH YOU'D PERSONALLY THANK YOUR BLUE CIRCLE FRIEND FOR STRAIGHTENING MY BOY OUT!

OH... STAN'LL BE OKAY NOW, SIR! THE BLUE CIRCLE TOLD ME THAT PERSONALLY!



THE END

Gail Porter

GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER



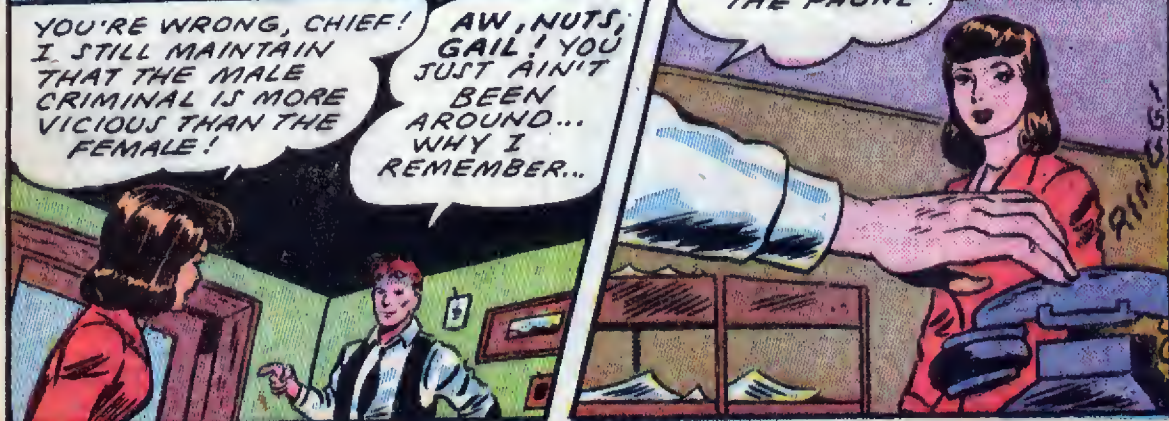
"WHICH IS THE MORE VICIOUS OF THE SPECIES, THE MALE OR FEMALE?" THIS CONTROVERSIAL QUESTION ENDS UP WITH AN ANSWER THAT WILL LIVE A LONG TIME IN THE MEMORY OF GAIL PORTER, THE GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS IN FOR, WHEN SHE WENT ON THAT "ASSIGNMENT TO THE TOMBS!"

THIS STORY OPENS IN THE MIDST OF A HEATED DEBATE BETWEEN GAIL PORTER AND HER EDITOR IN CHIEF

YOU'RE WRONG, CHIEF! I STILL MAINTAIN THAT THE MALE CRIMINAL IS MORE VICIOUS THAN THE FEMALE!

AW, NUTS, GAIL! YOU JUST AIN'T BEEN AROUND... WHY I REMEMBER...

HOLD IT A MINUTE ... THERE GOES THE PHONE!





HELLO, CITY
DESK... HUH!?
WHAT...?
GOOD!

POLICE COMMISSIONER
SWENTON IS GOING TO
LET THE PRESS INTERVIEW
TOOTS SWEENEY, THE GUN
MOLL WHO SHOT TWO
OF HER SWAINS IN
HER DRESSING
ROOM! ONLY
ONE REPORTER
ALLOWED...
YOU'VE BEEN
CHOSEN,
GAIL!

SWELL..
I'LL
PUT ON
MY
BONNET
AND GET
GOING!

EN ROUTE TO THE
TOMBS WHERE
TOOTS SWEENEY
IS HELD...

SO THE CHIEF THINKS
A FEMALE CRIMINAL
IS DANGEROUS... HUH!
WATCH ME TAME THIS
ONE BUT QUICK!
HERE WE ARE!



I'M GAIL PORTER...
HERE'S MY PRESS CARD.
COMMISSIONER
SWENTON SAID...

YEAH... YOU'RE
THE JOB SISTER
COME TO INTERVIEW
TH' SWEENEY DAME...
OKAY... FOLLOW
ME!

THIS CELL,
MISS PORTER...
YOU'VE GOT
TEN MINUTES!

THANKS!



I'M GAIL PORTER OF THE STAR...
I'VE COME FOR
AN INTERVIEW,
MISS SWEENEY!

YES... DO MAKE
YOURSELF AT
HOME! WHAT
CAN I DO FOR
YOU?



WELL, I'D LIKE
TO ASK YOU A
FEW ROUTINE
QUESTIONS! DO
YOU MIND?

NOT AT ALL,
MISS PORTER...
GO RIGHT
AHEAD!

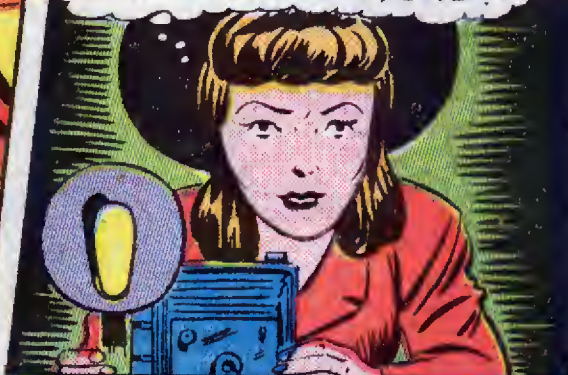
BUT WOULDN'T YOU
LIKE TO HAVE A
PICTURE OF
ME FIRST?

YES... THAT'S
A GOOD IDEA!



AS GAIL SIGHS THE PICTURE,
SHE THINKS...

I DON'T GET IT... SHE'S SO
MANNERED AND SWEET
LOOKING! HOW COULD SHE
HAVE KILLED ANYONE?



SUDDENLY, TOOTS SWEENEY'S
MAKE UP CHANGES AND...

SORRY,
SISTER!

YEOW!

SMACK!



SHE FELL FOR IT LINE AND
SOCKO! NOW TO GET INTO
HER OUTFIT AND GET
OUT OF THIS RAT PALACE!



THERE... SHE LOOKS
A BIT LIKE ME!
THAT TURNKEY
SHOULD BE BACK
ANY MINUTE
NOW!



MINUTES LATER...

WHAT HAPPENED
TO HER?

MISS
SWEENEY?
OH, SHE
JUST CAN'T
TAKE IT!
CHEERIO,
PAL!!



UH-H! I'VE BEEN
BLITZED! **HEY!**...



HELP! OFFICER...
STOP THAT
WOMAN! LET
ME OUT OF
HERE!

**HULLY
GORSK!**
IT-IT'S
MISS
PORTER!



MINUTES LATER...

... THEN
SHE TOOK
MY CLOTHES
AND LEFT...
WITH MY
CAMERA
TOO!

YE GADS!
RIGHT UNDER
MY NOSE!
TH' COMMISH
IS GOING TO
BE ROARIN'
MAD WHEN
HE HEARS
THIS!

**AND LATER, AT THE
EDITORIAL OFFICE...**

HA-HA! THIS IS
SERIOUSLY FUNNY!
HAW! NOW, WHO
DO YOU THINK IS
MORE VICIOUS,
GAIL? HAW!
HA!

**YEREE-
FUNNY!
HEH!**



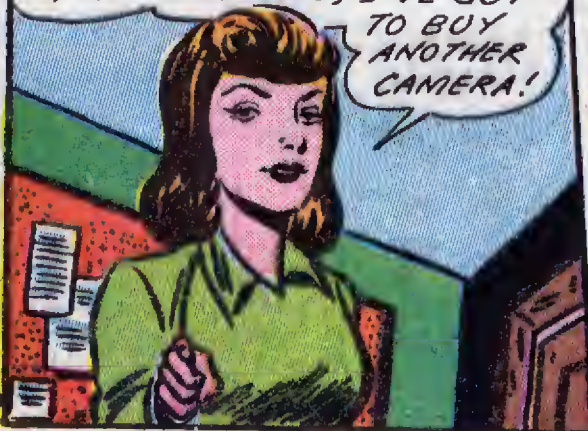
**LAUGH
THIS
OFF,
CHIEF...**

**HUH? A BILL
FOR ONE
CAMERA,
ONE DRESS,
ONE... HEY...
ONE HUNDRED
AND FIFTY BUCKS??**



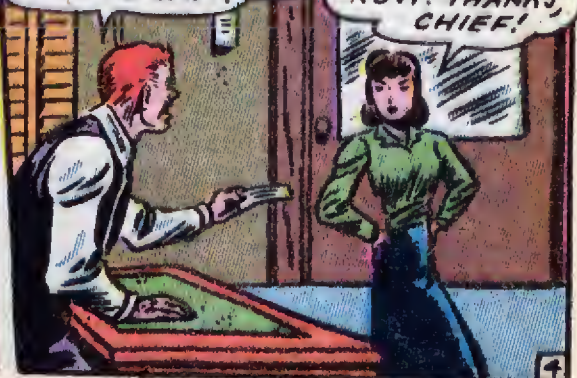
**YUP, CHIEFY! TOOTS I WIPED
MY CAMERA, CLOTHES AND
ALL! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY
FOR IT! BESIDES, I'VE GOT**

**TO BUY
ANOTHER
CAMERA!**



**IT'S WORTH THE LAUGH,
GAIL! HERE'S A CHECK.
TAKE THE DAY OFF
AND TRY TO GET
A NEW CAMERA -
IF YOU CAN!**

**PERHAPS
I CAN PICK
UP A SECOND
HAND JOB IN
HOCK SHOP
ROW! THANKS,
CHIEF!**



GAIL'S SEARCH FOR A GRAPHIC PROVES FRUITLESS...

EVERY PLACE I GO... SAME ANSWER... NO GRAPHIC!

PAWN SHOP

WHAT'S THIS... DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME OR IS THAT BOZO PUTTING A CAMERA FOR SALE INTO THAT WINDOW...

PAWN SHOP

I'LL TAKE IT!

HUH... TAKE WHAT?

THIS CAMERA... HOW MUCH?

WELL... NINETY FIVE DOLLARS... CASH! I JUST BOUGHT IT FOR NINETY...

JUST ONE MINUTE HERE... GOOD GRIEF! THIS IS MY CAMERA... SAME MANUFACTURER'S NUMBER AND EVERYTHING!

HUH? HOW COULD IT BE... AN OLD WOMAN JUST SOLD IT TO ME!

OLD WOMAN? TOOTS SWEENEY IN DISGUISE... WHAT A BREAK...

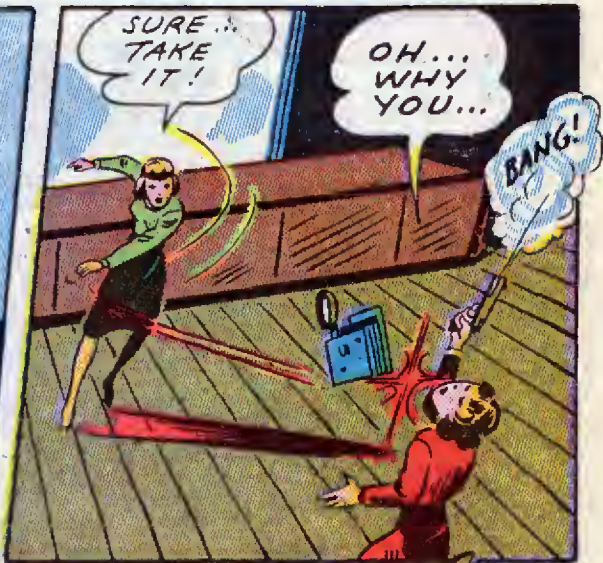
JUST THEN...

HOW DID YOU GUESS, DEARIE?

TOOTS! WHAT BROUGHT YOU BACK?



HUH! IT JUST DAWNED ON ME THAT THEY COULD TRACE THAT CAMERA BACK TO ME... HAND IT OVER, SISTER!



SURE... TAKE IT!

OH... WHY YOU...

BANG!



I'LL GIVE YOU MORE THAN THAT, YOU DOUBLE CROSSIN' FEMALE!

HEY!

LADIES... PLIZ... MINE STORE... OIY!



THAT'S FOR THE ONE YOU GAVE ME, DEARIE!

OH HHHHHH!



IN HERE, HOFFICER!

OKAY, TOOTSIE PIE... ON YOUR FEET... JOHN LAW HAS COME TO TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR CELL!

MOTHER FROM ERIN! WHAT HAPPENED?



SOME TIME LATER AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICE...

YOU DESERVE A POLICE DEPARTMENT CITATION FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, MISS PORTER!

THANKS, COMMISSIONER... I'LL SETTLE FOR AN ICE CREAM SODA RIGHT NOW!



AFTER THE COMMISSIONER LEAVES...

NOW WHAT WAS THAT LITTLE ARGUMENT WE WERE HAVING ABOUT, GAIL...

OKAY, BOSS... YOU WIN... THE FEMALE IS THE MORE DANGEROUS... I KNOW!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF GAIL PORTER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!

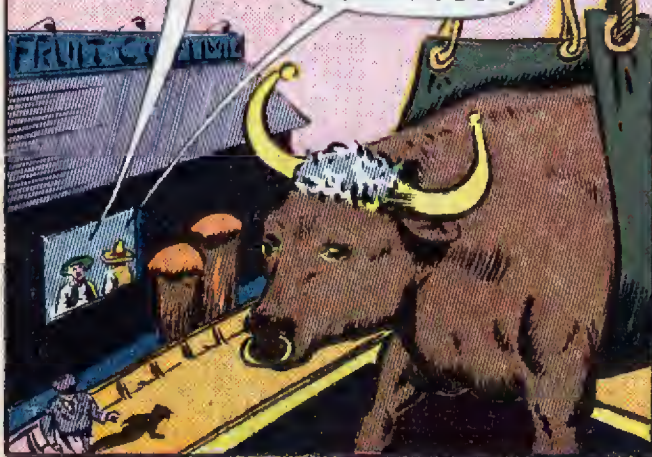
Toreador



TOREADOR RECEIVES AN INVITATION TO TAKE PART IN A PAN-AMERICAN RALLY --- PEDRO AND HIS BULL ACCOMPANY HIM ON THE SHIP BOUND FOR RIO-DE-JANIERO! THEY HAVE UNEXPECTED ADVENTURES AND TOREADOR CAPTURES A JAPANESE AGENT ---



OH, MY POOR **BULL!** SHE WILL GET **SICK,** I CANNOT WATCH!
COME, PEDRO--IT'S NOT AS BAD AS THAT! THE **SEA-AIR** WILL DO HIM GOOD!



WE'D BETTER GET ABOARD, PEDRO. THE SHIP WILL **SAIL** SOON!
SI, SEÑOR! MY BULL, YOU THINK SHE IS **SAFE,** NO?



LOOK, PEDRO! THERE'S
MISS KING!

SI, I HAVE
SEEN HER
HORSES! SHE WILL
RACE THEM, NO?

TOREADOR!
I MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN YOU
WOULD BE GOING
TO RIO!

PATSY!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE
GOING, TOO! ---
THIS WILL REALLY
BE A PLEASURE
TRIP!

IT'S GOOD I HAVE MY
BULL FOR COMPANY!

THAT'S **TOLEDO**
SAM! THERE'S
A **BIG REWARD**
FOR HIM, BACK
IN THE STATES!

WHO IS
THAT WITH
HIM? LOOKS
LIKE AN
EURASIAN!

I HEAR ABOUT
TOLEDO! HE'S
MUY MALO HOM-
BRE!

THEY DON'T SEEM
TO BE FRIENDLY!
I'M SURE THEY'RE
UP TO
SOMETHING!

WE'LL LEAVE
THEM ALONE.
LET'S TAKE A
WALK AROUND
THE SHIP, PATSY!

PEDRO
AND HIS BULL
OVERHEAR
AN ARGUMENT.

WILL VISIT MY BULL.
SHE NEEDS HER
PEDRO, I THINK.

LOOK, MISHI!--
I CAN'T DO IT! I
DON'T MIND DIRTY
WORK, BUT THIS IS
DIFFERENT!

YOU WILL
DO AS YOU ARE
TOLD! DO YOU
WANT TO ROT IN
A SOUTH
AMERICAN JAIL?

DON'T **THREATEN** ME,
MISHI! TWO CAN PLAY
AT THAT GAME!

NOW WE
ARE BEHAVING
LIKE CHILDREN!
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN
OUR **AGREEMENT?**

NO, BUT IF I PASS
THIS **COUNTERFEIT**
BRAZILIAN
MONEY, IT'LL GET
MY COUNTRY
IN DUTCH!

YOUR COUNTRY
CONSIDERS
YOU A
CRIMINAL!

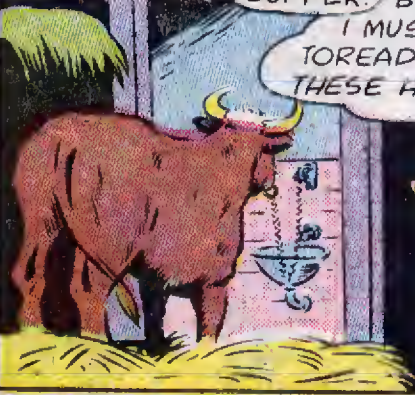
I DON'T LIKE IT,
WOULD YOU DO THIS
TO YOUR COUNTRY?

I HAVE NO COUNTRY!
THINK OF THE GOOD
TIMES YOU'LL HAVE
SPENDING BRAZILIAN
MILREIS! BESIDES YOU'LL GET
FIFTY THOUSAND AMERICAN
DOLLARS!



OKAY, MISHI! I DO
NEED THE DOUGH.
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER ON.

TAKE
A REST! I'LL
SEE YOU
BEFORE
SUPPER.



THIS SOUNDS
BAD EL TORO!
I MUST TELL
TOREADOR ABOUT IT!
THESE HOMBRES ARE
VERY BAD!



WHY PICK ON ME?

WE NEED YOU TO
CREATE AN ANTI-
AMERICAN FEELING
AMONG THESE PEOPLE,
AND YOU NEED THE
MONEY!



PEDRO TELLS TOREADOR ABOUT
TOLEDO AND MISHI...

AND THAT IS WHAT
IT SOUNDS BAD,
I HEARD SENOR!
PEDRO! MAYBE WE'D
IT IS BAD, NO? BETTER KEEP AN EYE
ON THEM!



LATER IN THE DAY...

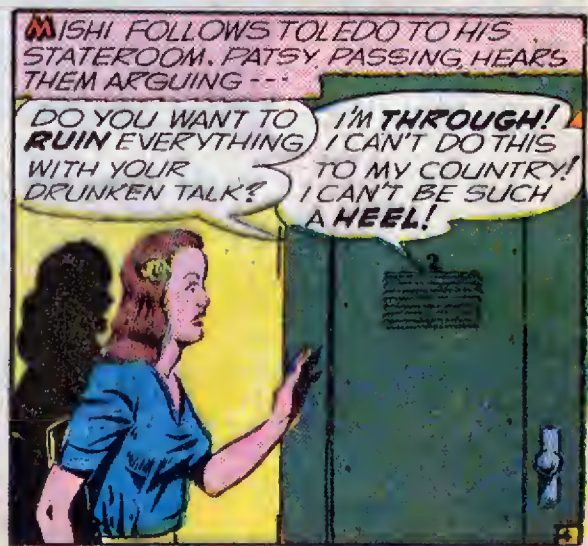
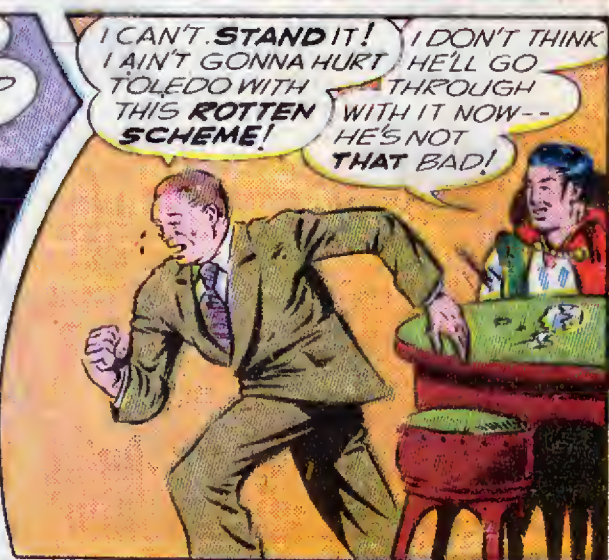
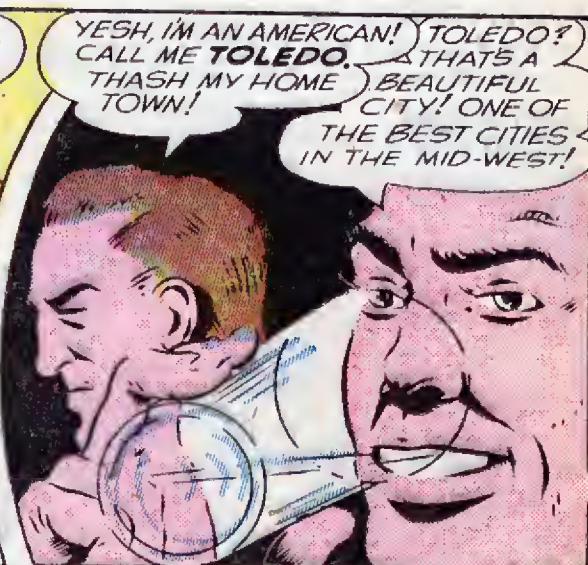
THERE'S TOLEDO
GOING INTO THE BAR! I
THINK I WILL HAVE
A TALK WITH HIM!



AN EGG-NOG
PLEASE! IT IS
A VERY WARM
DAY!

SI, SENOR... AH!
YOU ARE THE
AMERICANO, EL
TOREADOR, IT IS A
PLEASURE SENOR.







YOU'RE THROUGH ALL RIGHT BUT YOU WILL DO AS YOU'RE TOLD THE JAPANESE MILITARY COMMANDS IT!

SO NOW YOU'RE A JAP! I OUGHTA PLUG YOU!



IT WILL DO NO GOOD TO KILL ME! ANOTHER AGENT WILL TAKE OVER WHERE I LEAVE OFF!

GET OUT, YOU STINKING JAP!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF SIGHT!

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS, TOLEDO!

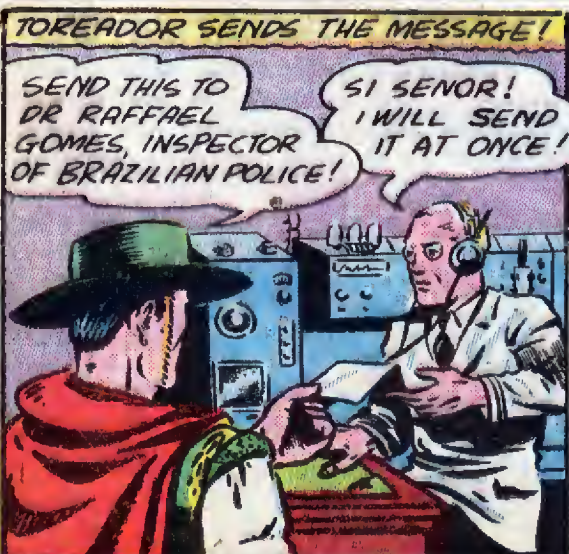


PATSY TELLS TOREADOR AND...

MISHI IS A SPY! I HEARD HIM TELL TOLEDO! CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?

WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE BRAZILIAN POLICE, I'LL SEND A MESSAGE!

OOH! THIS IS BAD!



TOREADOR SENDS THE MESSAGE!

SEND THIS TO DR RAFFAEL GOMES, INSPECTOR OF BRAZILIAN POLICE!

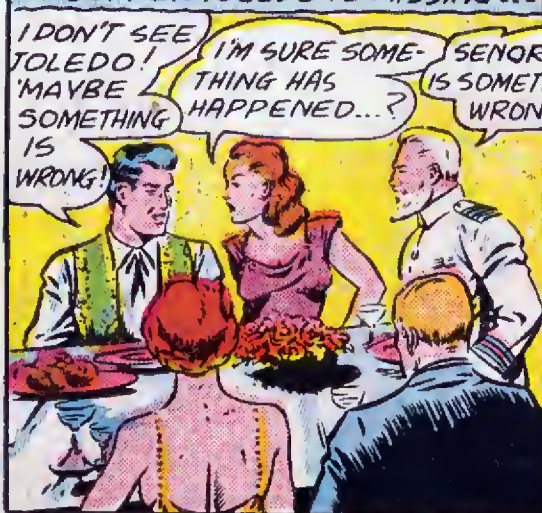
SI SENOR! I WILL SEND IT AT ONCE!



DID YOU RADIO THE POLICE? WE'RE IN BRAZILIAN WATERS AND THEY MIGHT SEND A GUNBOAT!

YES PAT, WE SHOULD HAVE AN ANSWER IN A FEW HOURS, THEY WON'T SEND A GUNBOAT! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO PROVE MISHI IS A SPY!

AT SUPPER TOLEDO IS MISSING...

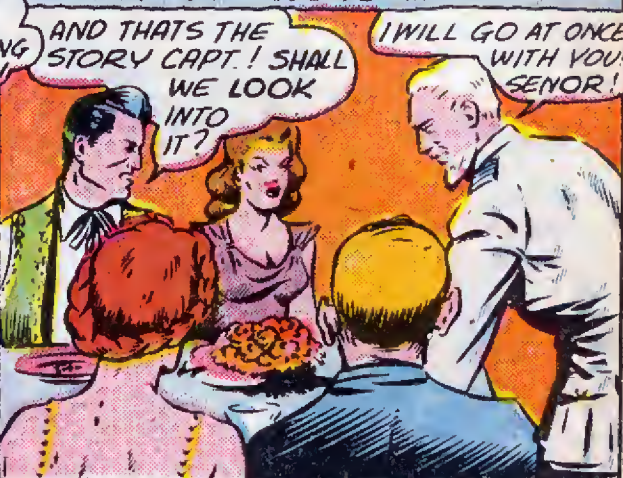


I DON'T SEE TOLEDO!
'MAYBE SOMETHING IS WRONG!

I'M SURE SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED...?

SENOR!
IS SOMETHING WRONG!

TOREADOR TELLS THE CAPTAIN OF THEIR SUSPICIONS...



AND THATS THE STORY CAPT! SHALL WE LOOK INTO IT?

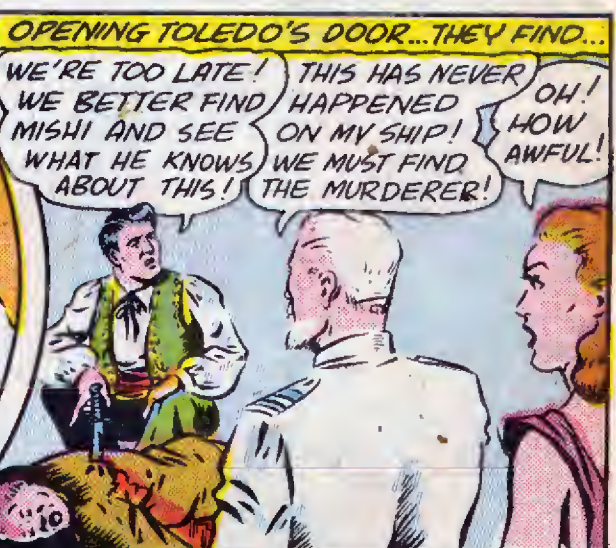
I WILL GO AT ONCE WITH YOU! SENOR!



HE DOES NOT ANSWER! I WILL OPEN THE DOOR WITH MY PASS KEY!

HURRY! WE CAN EXPLAIN IF HE'S ASLEEP!

KNOCK KNOCK



OPENING TOLEDO'S DOOR...THEY FIND...

WE'RE TOO LATE! WE BETTER FIND MISHI AND SEE WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT THIS!

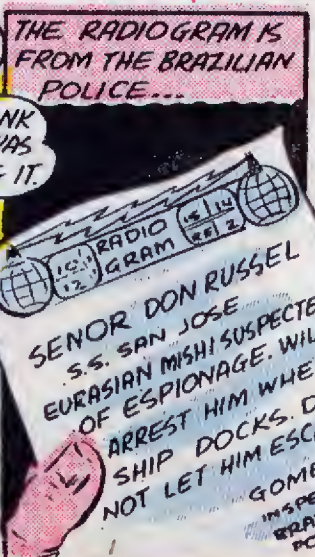
THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED ON MY SHIP! WE MUST FIND THE MURDERER!

OH! HOW AWFUL!



I WILL HAVE THE SHIP SEARCHED! I'LL FIND... WHAT'S THAT?

FOR SENOR RUSSEL! CAPTAIN. THANK YOU! I WAS EXPECTING IT.



THE RADIOGRAM IS FROM THE BRAZILIAN POLICE...



STEWART, TELL THE FIRST MATE I WANT THE SHIP SEARCHED FOR THE EURASIAN!

SI, CAPT!

THE SEARCH FOR MISHI PROVES FUTILE...

ARE ANY OF THE
LIFE BOATS
MISSING, CAPTAIN?

I WILL SEE!

MANUEL, CHECK
THE BOATS!

I HAVE
DONE
SO!

NONE ARE
MISSING!



IF HE IS ABOARD, HE
MAY COME OUT OF
HIDING, NOW THAT
THE SEARCH
IS OVER.

MY MEN HAVE
LOOKED EVERY-
WHERE, BUT
ENOUGH OF THIS!
LET US RETURN
TO THE DINING
ROOM!



NO LUCK,
PAT! WE
CAN'T FIND
HIM!

OH! THEN
HE ESCAPED,
WILL YOU
NOTIFY
DR.
GOMEZ?

YES, PAT! HE CAN'T
ESCAPE! WE ARE
IN BRAZILIAN
WATERS, AND HE
MAY BE PICKED
UP

BUT HE
DID
ESCAPE!

HE DIDN'T! HE'S STILL
ON THE SHIP, IT'S TOO
FAR TO SWIM!

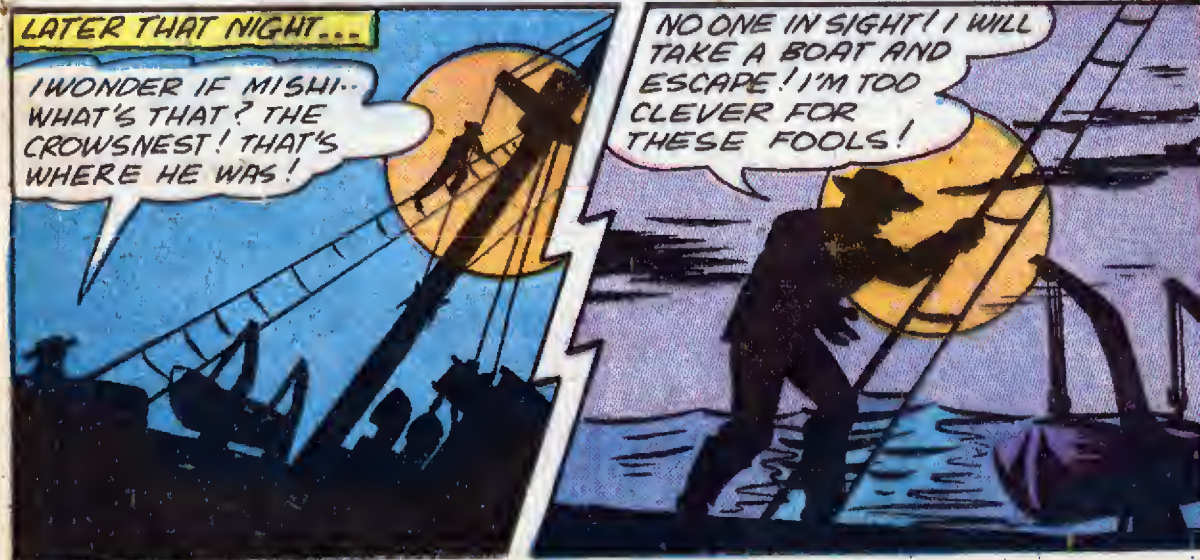
BE CAREFUL,
TOREADOR!

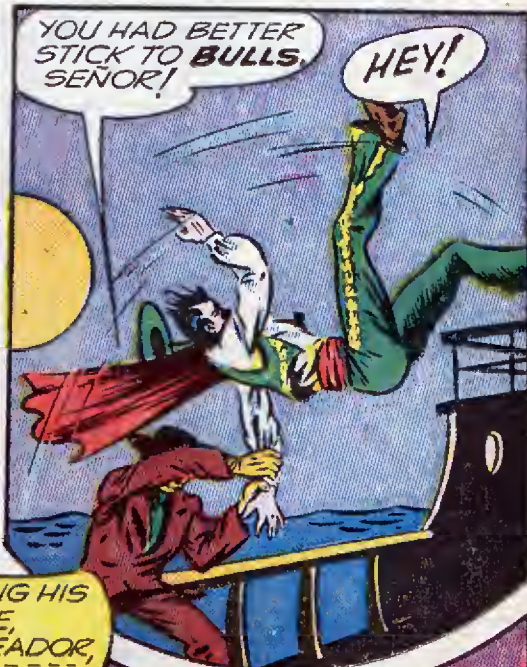
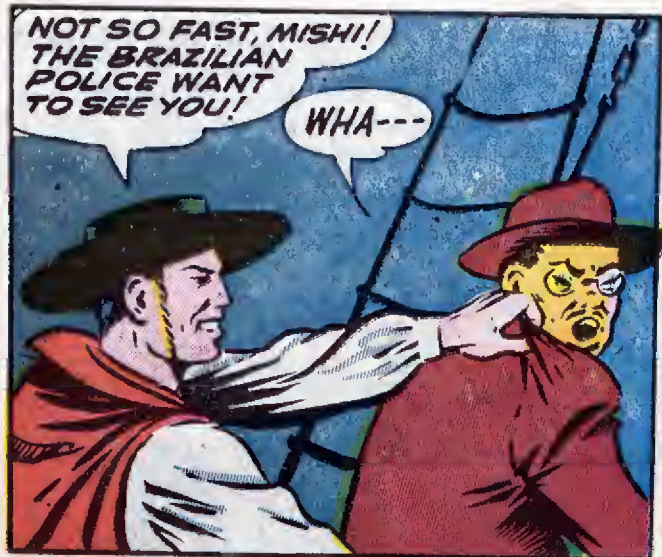


LATER THAT NIGHT...

I WONDER IF MISHI-
WHAT'S THAT? THE
CROW'SNEST! THAT'S
WHERE HE WAS!

NO ONE IN SIGHT! I WILL
TAKE A BOAT AND
ESCAPE! I'M TOO
CLEVER FOR
THESE FOOLS!





THE SHIP ARRIVES AT RIO AND THE
POLICE COME ABOARD---

AH, DR. GOMEZ! EL TOREADOR THANK
HAS CAPTURED THE SPY FOR US!

IT IS MEN SUCH AS
YOU WHO WILL MAKE
OUR COUNTRIES
GOOD NEIGHBORS
ALWAYS!



AFTER THE POLICE DEPART WITH MISHI--

AH, RIO! CARNIVAL IT IS!--- MY BULL
TIME IN RIO IS AFTER ALL WILL LIKE
SOMETHING TO THIS IT, TOO.
LOOK FORWARD TO THIS EXCITEMENT, I HOPE--
TO! TOO!



MAUREEN MARINE

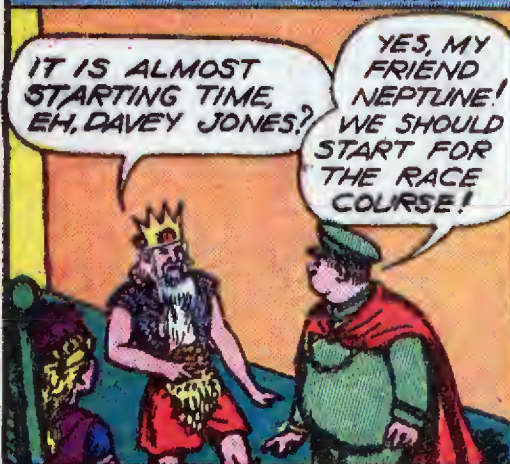


IT STARTS OFF WITH
AN **UNDERSEA DERBY**
AND IS CLIMAXED WITH A
REIGN OF TERROR WHICH
ALMOST COST THE LIFE
OF QUEEN MAUREEN--
YES! THAT IS PART OF
THE STORY--THE REST
IS SURROUNDED BY IN-
TRIGUE THAT WILL KEEP
YOU ON EDGE UNTIL
THE END WHERE---
WELL, SUPPOSE WE
READ THE STORY---

WELL -- AS WE STATED BEFORE, IT STARTS OFF WITH AN UNDER-SEA DERBY! FOR IT IS DERBY DAY AT ATLANTIS!



WHILE IN THE THRONE ROOM OF QUEEN MAUREEN WHERE THE ROYAL JOCKEYS WAIT --



YOU ARE THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE, DAVEY JONES, BUT NEPTUNE AND I SHALL GIVE YOU A COMPETITIVE RACE, EH, FATHER NEPTUNE?



OUT ON THE FAIRWAY!



YOUR MAJESTIES! SOMEONE HAS STOLEN THE MAP OF THE STEEPLECHASE COURSE! I AM WORRIED!



OH COME, LEPRI! DO NOT WORRY! THE ROYAL JOCKEYS KNOW THE COURSE WELL!



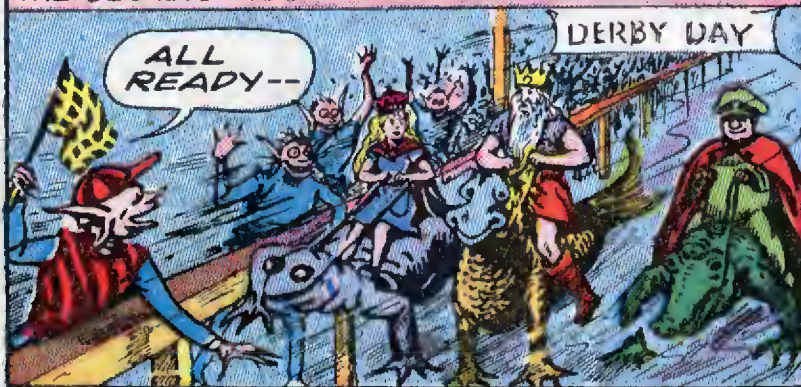
LET US MOUNT OUR SEA HORSES! LEPRI WILL DROP THE FLAG AS THE SIGNAL TO START!



THE JOCKEYS MOUNT THEIR CHARGERS AND ---

ALL
READY--

DERBY DAY



YOU'RE OFF!



AMID THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE OF THE SPECTATORS, THE UNDERSEA DERBY STARTS--KING NEPTUNE'S MOUNT LEADS WITH MAUREEN CHALLENGING A CLOSE SECOND!

GOODBYE, MY FRIENDS!
SEE YOU AT THE
FINISH LINE!



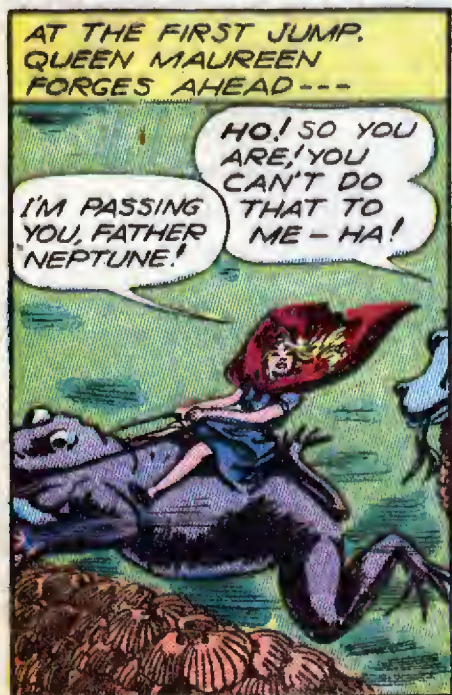
THIS RACE IS ALL IN
FRIENDLINESS, BUT I
MUST WIN..I JUST
HAVE TO WIN! COME
ON, RAVER, MORE
SPEED!



AT THE FIRST JUMP,
QUEEN MAUREEN
FORGES AHEAD---

HO! SO YOU
ARE, YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT TO
ME - HA!

I'M PASSING
YOU, FATHER
NEPTUNE!



HA! I HAVE A
CONSIDERABLE
EDGE ON THEM!
THIS IS FUN!



SUDDENLY---

OHH!
MY MOUNT
TRIPPED OVER
A WIRE!!



MAUREEN IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM THE CAVE AHEAD, A GROUP OF MIRO MEN ADVANCE FULLY ARMED FOR BATTLE!



THERE IS OUR PRIZE!

HALTING THEIR MOUNTS DAVEY JONES AND NEPTUNE SEE THIS--

JONES! THIS IS TERRIBLE! THOSE MIRO MEN HAVE SURROUNDED OUR QUEEN!

WHAT! THE MIRO MEN AND ATLANTANS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE AT PEACE WITH EACH OTHER!



THE DESPOTS ARE TAKING HER INTO THAT CAVE! WE ARE HELPLESS TO FIGHT AGAINST THEM WITHOUT WEAPONS!

WE MUST RETURN IN HASTE AND SUMMON HELP! THIS MAY MEAN WAR!



THIS GRAVE EPISODE EXPLAINS THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE STARTER'S MAP!

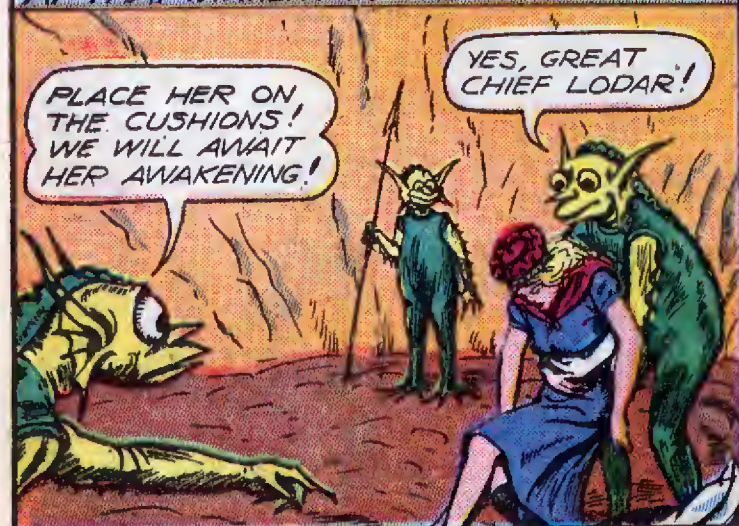
YES! SOME SPY STOLE IT FOR THE MIRO MEN TO MAKE THEIR PLANS! HURRY! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE CAVE ---

PLACE HER ON THE CUSHIONS! WE WILL AWAIT HER AWAKENING!

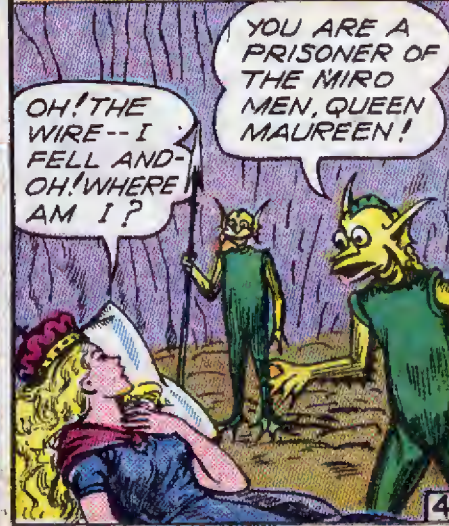
YES, GREAT CHIEF LODAR!

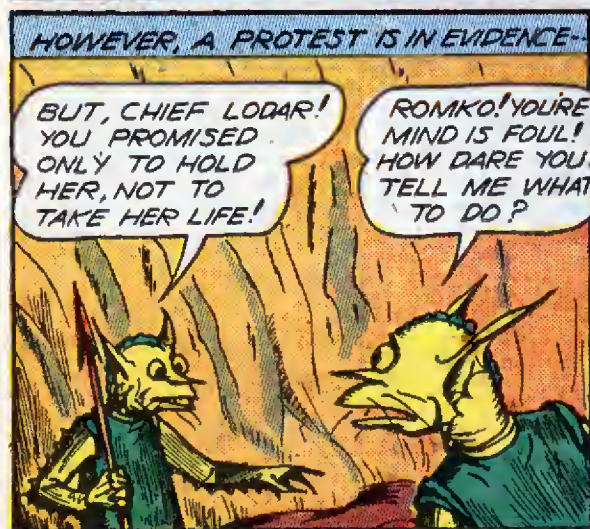
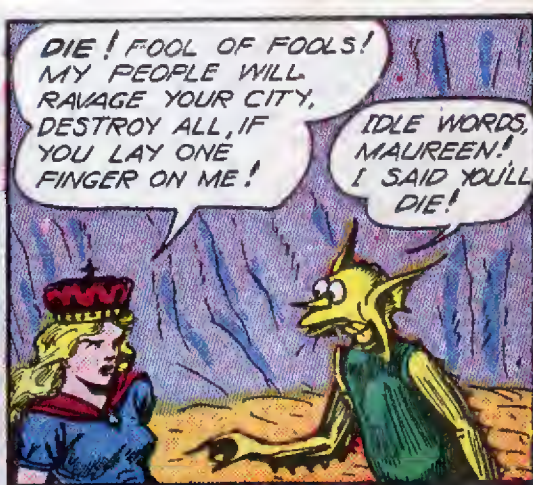
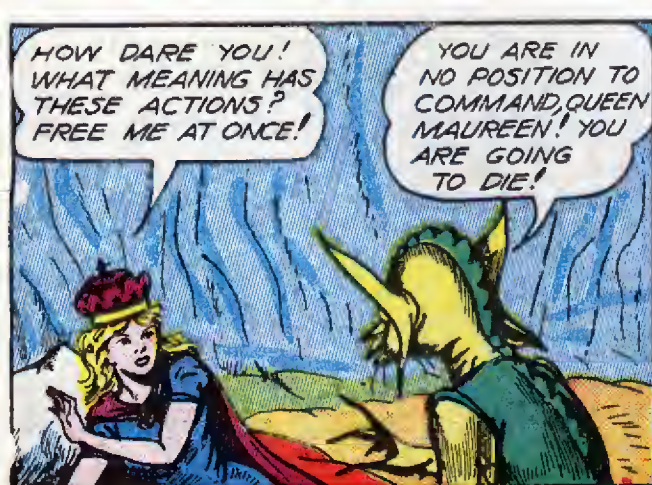


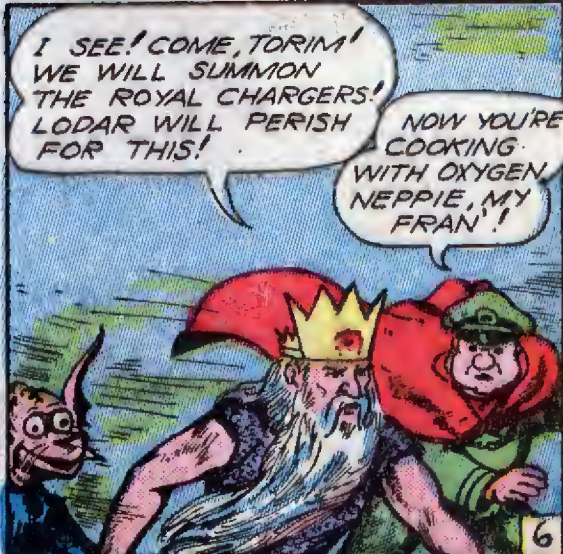
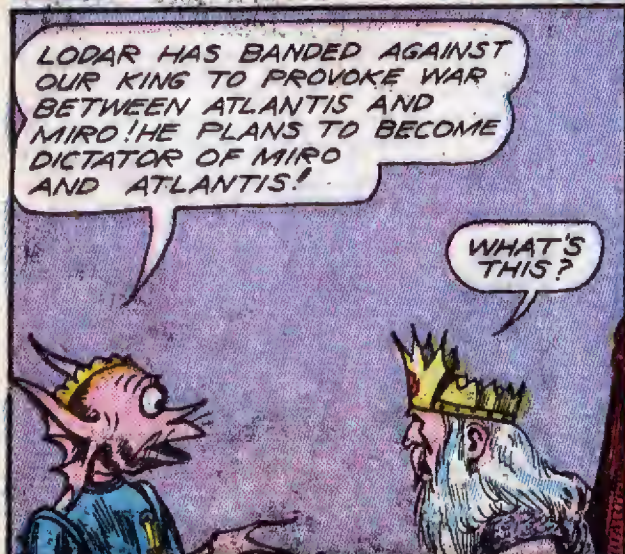
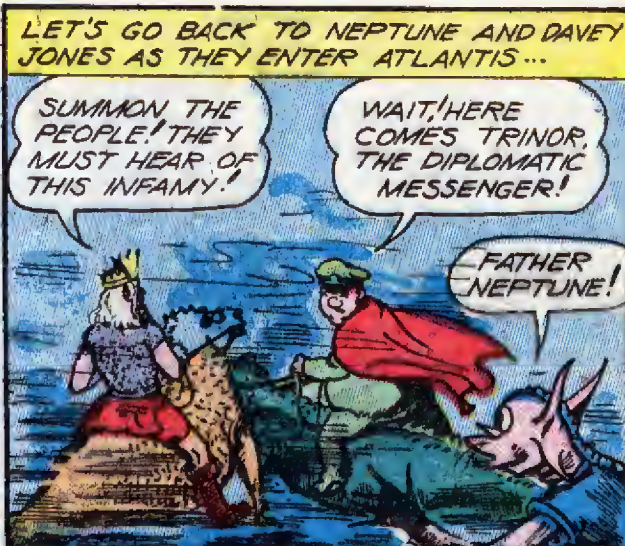
SHORT MOMENTS LATER--

OH! THE WIRE-- I FELL AND-- OH! WHERE AM I?

YOU ARE A PRISONER OF THE MIRO MEN, QUEEN MAUREEN!







MEANWHILE---

YOUR HEAD WILL
HANG FROM THE
PUBLIC AUDITORIUM,
LODAR!

HUMPH!

HOWEVER, LODAR WHEELS AROUND--

THE GREAT
QUEEN SPEAKS
WITH THE TONGUE
OF A CHILD!

OHHHH!

IT IS YOUR DEATH THAT
WILL CAUSE WAR
BETWEEN MIRO
AND ATLANTIS!

OH!
THE SPEAR!

DIE, QUEEN
MAUREEN!

NO! NO!

HOWEVER --

UHHH!

OHHH--
OH-!?

ROMKO, IT
WAS YOU--!
YOU ARE A
TRUE
PATRIOT!

YES, MY QUEEN, ONCE
I WAS ONE OF
ATLANTIS! I WAS A
FOOL TO JOIN LODAR'S
BAND! GO, MY QUEEN,
THE OTHERS WILL
COME SOON!

BUT--

THERE SHE IS! KILL
HER! SHE HAS
BROUGHT DEATH
TO OUR LEADER!

OH, I'LL
NEVER
MAKE IT!

JUST THEN, THE ROYAL GUARDS COME INTO VIEW--

FATHER NEPTUNE--
JONES!

COVER YOURSELF,
MAUREEN! WE
WILL DEAL WITH
THE HEATHENS!

**A TITANIC CLASH RESULTS AS
FATHER NEPTUNE AND THE
ROYAL GUARDS CHARGE INTO
THE RENEGADES!**

CUT EVERY
FOUL ONE
DOWN!

GIVE THEM
NO QUARTER!
DEATH TO ALL!

OH! HOW
HORRIBLE!

**QUEEN MAUREEN POINTS TO
ROMKO'S BODY--**

TAKE THAT FALLEN
SOLDIER AND BRING
HIM BACK TO ATLANTIS!
HE WILL HAVE A
HERO'S BURIAL!

WHY?
WHO IS
THIS MAN?

MINUTES LATER

MY QUEEN, THE ENEMY
HAS BEEN BEATEN!
WE WILL TAKE YOU
BACK TO ATLANTIS!

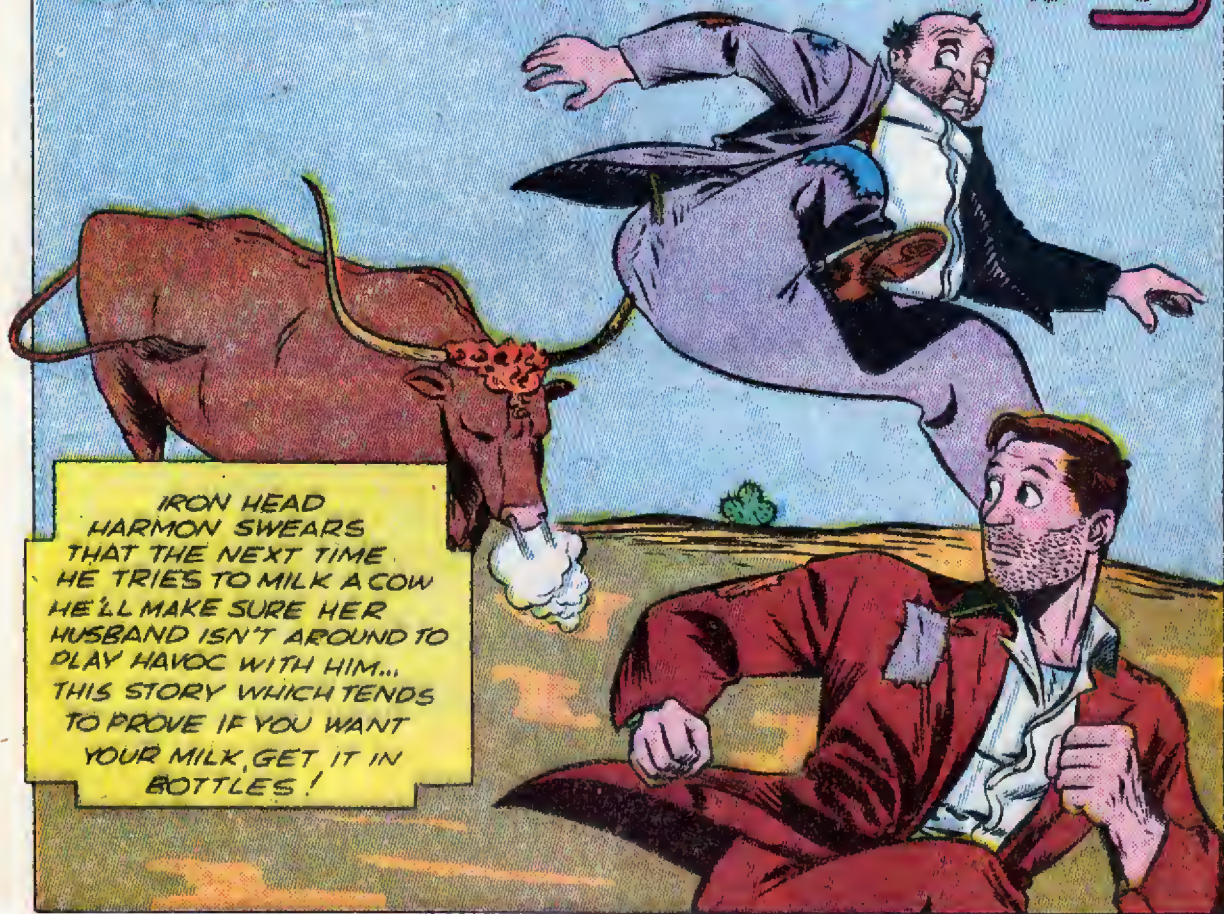
THANK YOU,
FATHER
NEPTUNE!
BUT, FIRST--

AS YOU WISH!
QUEEN MAUREEN,
COME, WE
LEAVE NOW!

FATHER NEPTUNE!
HE WAS A PATRIOT!
THAT IS ENOUGH!
SOMEDAY I
SHALL TELL
YOU THE
WHOLE STORY!

THE
END

DRIFTWOOD Davey



IRON HEAD
HARMON SWEARS
THAT THE NEXT TIME
HE TRIES TO MILK A COW
HE'LL MAKE SURE HER
HUSBAND ISN'T AROUND TO
PLAY HAVOC WITH HIM...
THIS STORY WHICH TENDS
TO PROVE IF YOU WANT
YOUR MILK, GET IT IN
BOTTLES!

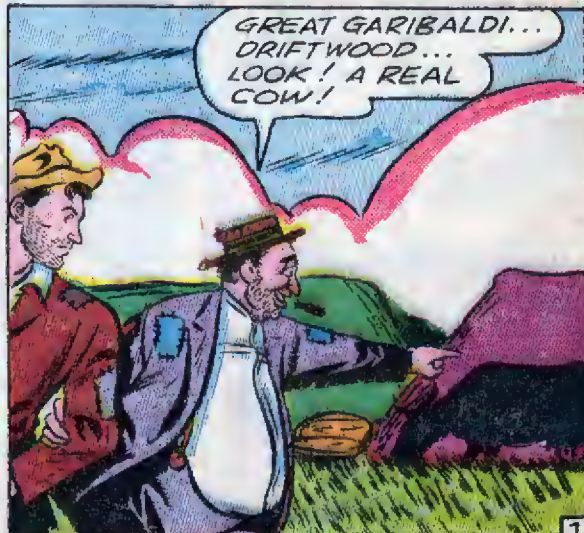
WE FIND OUR ERSTWHILE FRIENDS
DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS
AND NOT SINGING

WHAT'S THE MATTER, IRON HEAD...
YOU LOOK AS IF A SWORD WAS
HANGING OVER YOUR HEAD...

NAW DRIFTWOOD,
IT AIN'T A SWORD
IT'S JUS' ME
STOMACH



GREAT GARIBALDI...
DRIFTWOOD...
LOOK! A REAL
COW!



But,

IRON HEAD'S ATTEMPT TO MILK A COW ENDS WITH THE WHOLE MADDENED HERD IN HOT PURSUIT AND..



I'LL NEVER LISTEN TO YOU AGAIN!

WHEW! MADE IT!



WELL WE CAN GET DOWN NOW... THE CATTLE HAVE WANDERED OFF INTO THE CANYON BETWEEN THOSE TWO ROCKS!

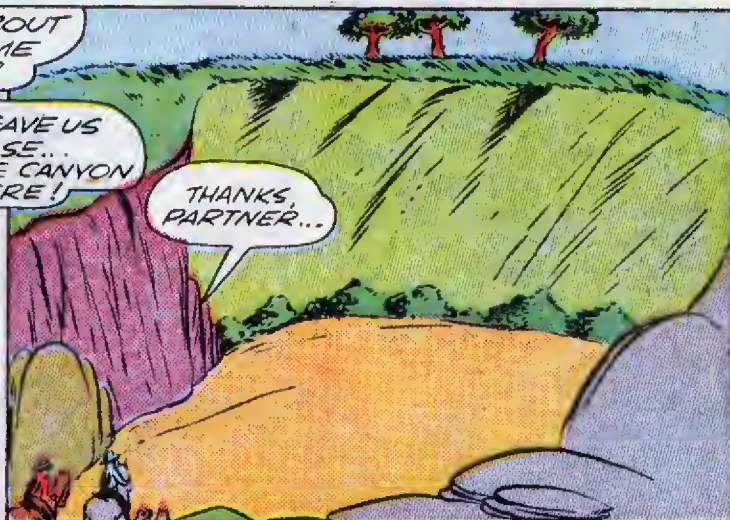
UH-OH... HERE COME SOME HARD RIDING COWBOYS,



HEY YOU TWO... DID YOU SEE 'BOUT FIFTY HEAD OF CATTLE COME THIS WAY?

YUP! THEY GAVE US QUITE A CHASE... RAN INTO THE CANYON THERE!

THANKS, PARTNER...



HOLD ON, BOYS... THERE'S NO CATTLE HERE!

YEAH... A DEAD END! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!

YOU LIED TO US... OUR CATTLE AIN'T IN THERE!

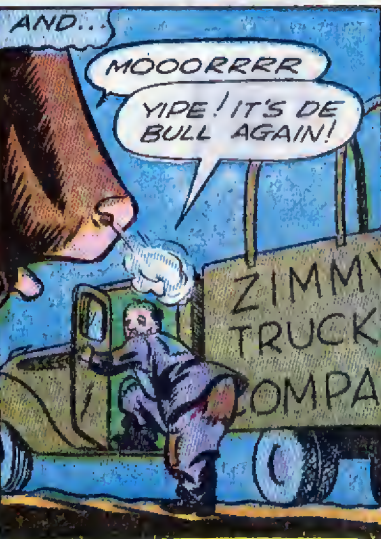
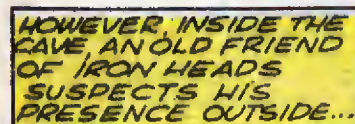
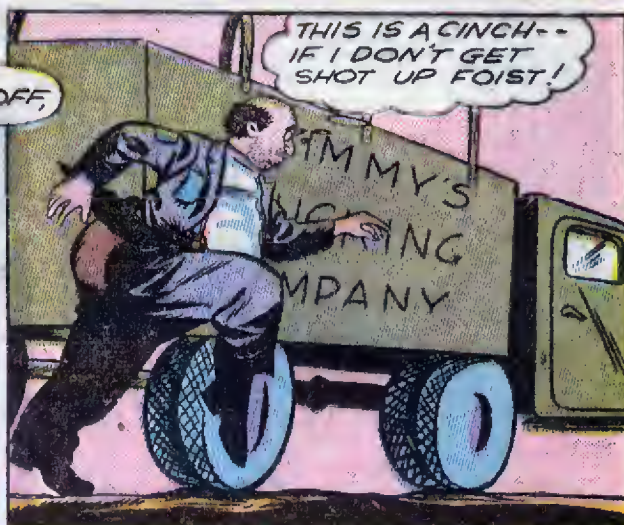
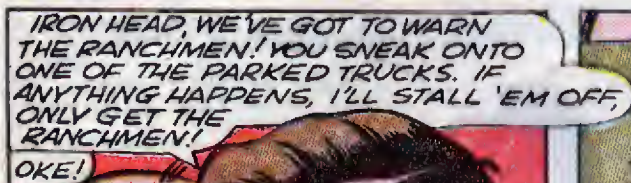
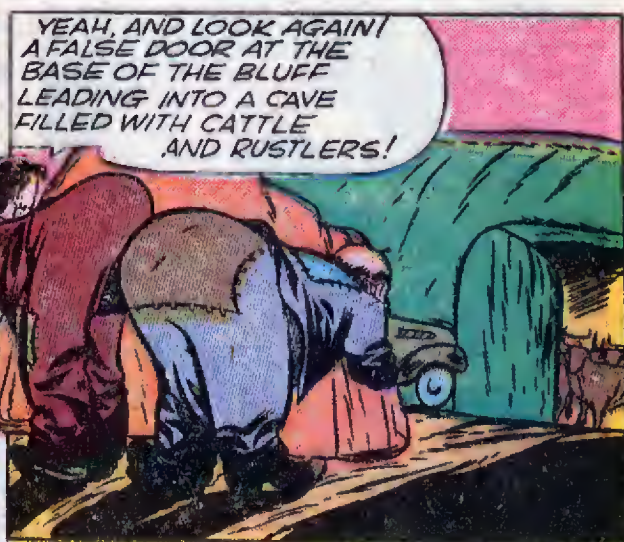
HUH?

WON'T SURPRISE ME A BIT IF THEY'RE IN LEAGUE WITH THE RUSTLERS THAT HAVE BEEN CAVOTING THESE PARTS LATELY!

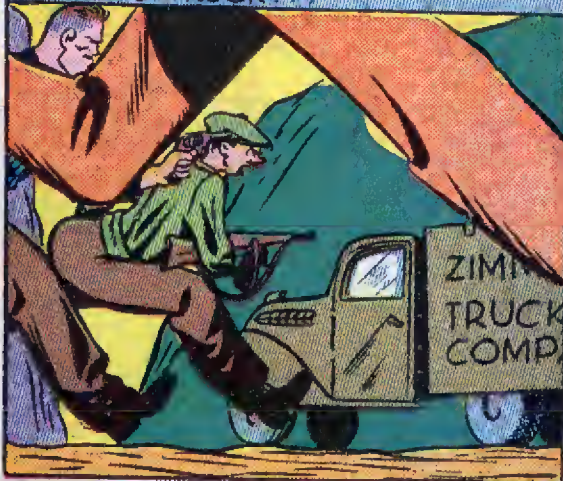
SOMETHING WRONG IN DENMARK

YEAH!



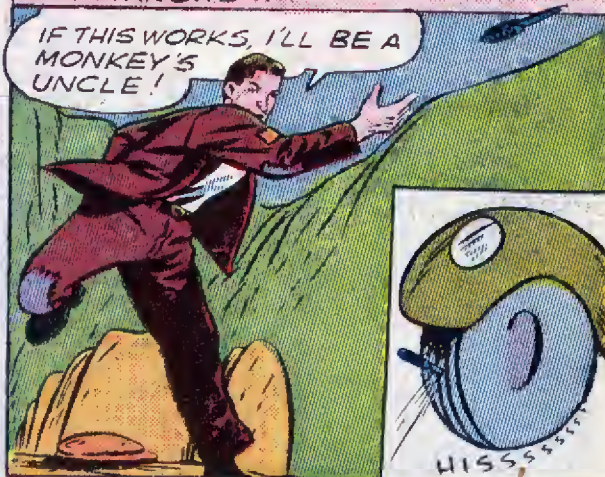


THE RUSTLERS MAKE FOR THE SECOND TRUCK...



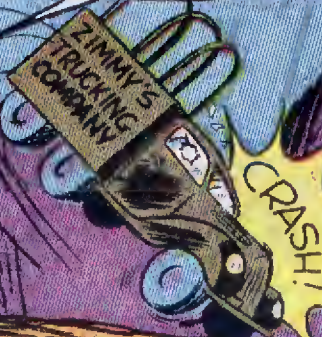
DRIFTWOOD UNSLINGS HIS KNIFE AND THROWS...

IF THIS WORKS, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE!



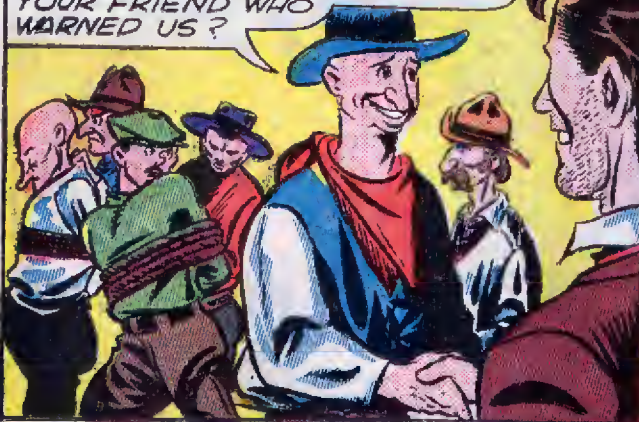
THE TRUCK MUSHROOMS OUT OF CONTROL AND...

GUESS I'M A MONKEY'S UNCLE! THAT TRUCK'LL BLOCK THE PASS!



IN SWIFT MOMENTS, THE RUSTLERS ARE ROUNDED UP AND...

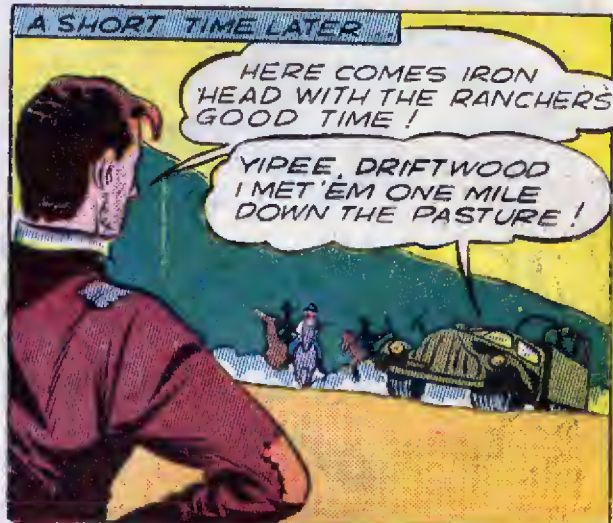
NICE THINKING PODNER! YOU HELPED BREAK UP A CLEVER RUSTLING OUTFIT! BUT WHERE'S YOUR FRIEND WHO WARNED US?



A SHORT TIME LATER...

HERE COMES IRON HEAD WITH THE RANCHER'S GOOD TIME!

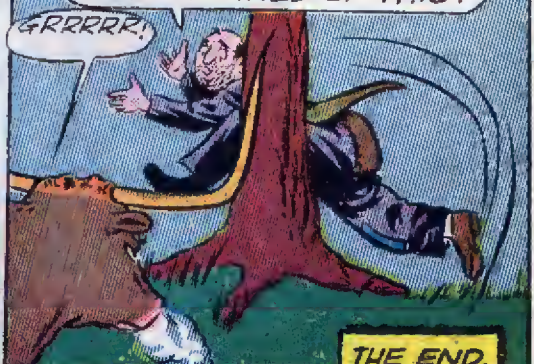
YIPPEE, DRIFTWOOD I MET 'EM ONE MILE DOWN THE PASTURE!



OH, YOU MEAN IRON HEAD? HE'S SOMEPLACE AROUND...

AROUND IS RIGHT, FOR HUSBAND BULL HAS CAUGHT UP WITH IRON HEAD AGAIN...

HEY... CUT IT OUT! I'M GETTIN' TIRED OF THIS!



THE END.

THE STEEL FIST



WE OPEN WITH A FRANTIC CALL FOR TIMOTHY SLADE...

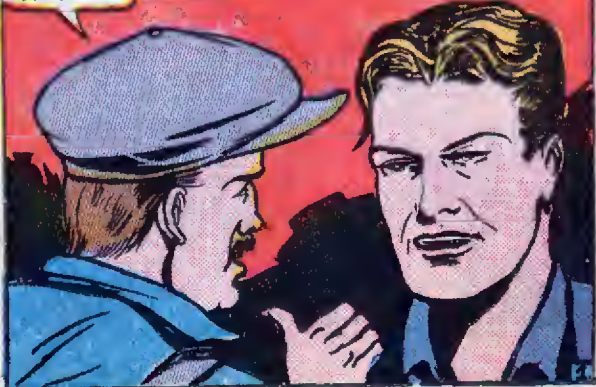
TIM... HEY, TIM!

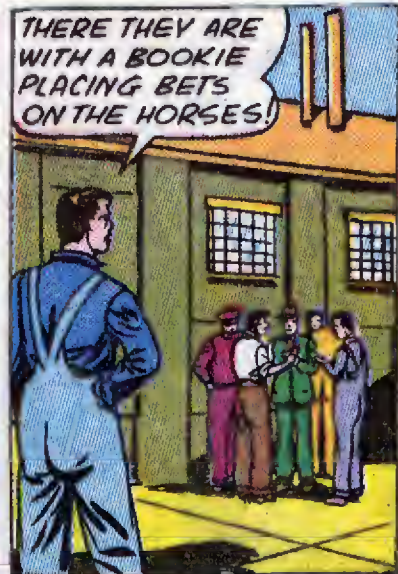
OH... BOB! WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU?

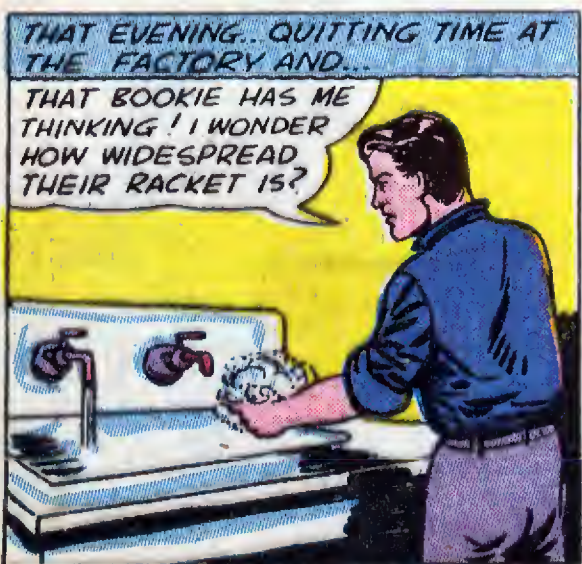
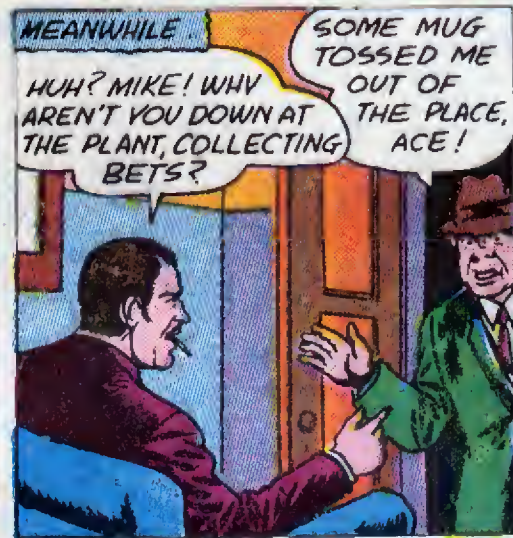


FOUR OF MY MEN STROLLED OUT OF THE SHOP AN HOUR AGO AND THEY HAVEN'T RETURNED YET!

HEY! THIS IS WAR TIME! THEY CAN'T PERAMBLE ABOUT AS THEY PLEASE!







TH' FELLAS ARE
PRETTY SORE AT
YOU, TIM! YOU'D
BETTER WATCH
OUT!

ON THE CONTRARY,
MY FRIEND! IT IS
I WHO AM SORE AT
THEM! GAMBLING
WHILE
WORKING
MUST BE
CUT OUT!

OKAY! HAVE
IT YOUR
OWN WAY!

NOT "MY WAY," BUT
THE "RIGHT WAY,"
MUTTON! NOW, BE
GOOD!

AND ACROSS THE STREET...

THERE HE IS!
HEY... WHAT
WAS MUTTON
DOIN' TALKIN'
TO HIM?

DON'T WORRY...
WE'LL TEACH
THIS GUY TO
MIND HIS OWN
BUSINESS!

OKAY, GET
HIM..

HEY.. OHHH!

TIM RESORTS TO HIS STEEL FIST AND...

I HATE TO
BREAK JAWS.
MUGS, BUT...

YAHHHH!
ME NOSE!

HOW'S YOUR
NOSE, TOOTS?

YEOW!

TH' FELLAS ARE
PRETTY SORE AT
YOU, TIM! YOU'D
BETTER WATCH
OUT!

ON THE CONTRARY,
MY FRIEND! IT IS
I WHO AM SORE AT
THEM! GAMBLING
WHILE
WORKING
MUST BE
CUT OUT!

OKAY! HAVE
IT YOUR
OWN WAY!

NOT "MY WAY," BUT
THE "RIGHT WAY,"
MUTTON! NOW, BE
GOOD!

AND ACROSS THE STREET...

THERE HE IS!
HEY... WHAT
WAS MUTTON
DOIN' TALKIN'
TO HIM?

DON'T WORRY...
WE'LL TEACH
THIS GUY TO
MIND HIS OWN
BUSINESS!

OKAY, GET
HIM..

HEY.. OHHH!

TIM RESORTS TO HIS STEEL FIST AND...

I HATE TO
BREAK JAWS.
MUGS, BUT...

YAHHHH!
ME NOSE!

HOW'S YOUR
NOSE, TOOTS?

YEOW!

YEOW! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THERE MUST BE TEN OTHER GUYS WITH HIM!

WOW! LOOK AT 'EM GO... YOU'D THINK IT WAS A HORSE RACE!

I'D WAGER A DOLLAR THAT MUTTON HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS ATTACK! I'M GOING TO VISIT HIM IN THE ROLE OF THE STEEL FIST!



MEANWHILE, THE THREE MEN RETURN TO THEIR SURPRISED BOSS!

CREEPERS!! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU GUYS?

I'M TELLIN' YA, ACE... IT WAS A MOB LAYIN' FOR US!

IT WAS MUTTON! WE SEEN HIM TALKIN' TO THIS FELLER! THEY MUST'VE HAD HALF TH' PLANT WAITIN' TO MAUL US!

MUTTON'S A RAT, EH? C'MON, BOYS! I'M TAKIN' CARE OF HIM... MAKE SURE YOUR ROSCOE'S ARE LOADED!



LATER AT MUTTON'S BOARDING HOUSE. STAND BACK BOYS... I WANT TO GREET HIM MY WAY!

OKAY BOSS!

WHO IS... OHHHHHHHH... DON'T SHOOT!!

INSIDE BOYS... WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LYNCHIN' PARTY FIRST!





Partners

WIND and rain whipped in off the coast while along the beach combers formed a lacy collar of foam. Harvey gripped his rifle firmly, listened tensely for the sound to come again through the storm, aware of the friendly pressure of the big police dog at his side.

"Sounded . . . funny," Harvey grumbled, as if explaining to Skeet. "Like metal on the rocks out there . . . a boat or something gone aground in the storm maybe—"

Again the sound came, unmistakably that of metal against the reefs; the hull of a boat crushing itself inexorably to death.

"That's it!" Harvey said sharply. "If only I could see through the storm . . .!"

The abandoned lighthouse thrust itself unswervingly into the night sky and Harvey hurried toward it now, fighting off the savage blows of the wind. Skeet trotted at his side. They reached the building, and stepped through out of the storm.

Inside Harvey shook his big body. Skeet touched his leg and Harvey said, "Steady, boy. Don't you worry about me now! I never saw anything yet I couldn't handle alone—"

Skeet growled softly and Harvey tensed. "Back," he commanded. "You have the jitters. We'll have a look from upstairs."

He reached the winding stairs leading up into the lighthouse, and as he did so Harvey saw the shadowy figure of a man before him.

Harvey flung himself aside just as a tongue of flame licked out at him and the blast of a gun rang in his ears. Next instant Harvey's carbine smashed and he heard the sound of a body striking the floor.

For a moment Harvey stood still. Then he flashed a light and advanced cautiously, carbine ready. He peered down at the crumpled figure, saw its clothes were soaking wet and ragged.

But unmistakably it was the uniform of an enemy naval officer—

Briefly Harvey stood thinking. The sound out there on the reef, the man lying here on the floor were somehow linked together. The craft on the reefs was probably an enemy sub, which had run aground during the storm, or perhaps it had been bombed and wounded, and washed in here. . . .

SWIFTLY now Harvey turned back into the night. The wind was still savage but the clouds were breaking up and the rain was light. And out there on the reefs lay a sinister form, an enemy under-sea craft!

As Harvey hesitated, he saw, further out beyond the treacherous tow of the combers, the slim shape of a coast guard cutter.

"I've got to hustle," Harvey told himself aloud. "If I can attract that cutter in time they'll nail that baby easy. If I go traipsing back to the base, it'll be too late!"

Resolutely he started to strip. He'd been an expert swimmer all his life. Now, he was glad he had hung up more than one championship ribbon for his college.

Skeet circled uneasily and Harvey warned, "You're staying here, boy. This is my job."

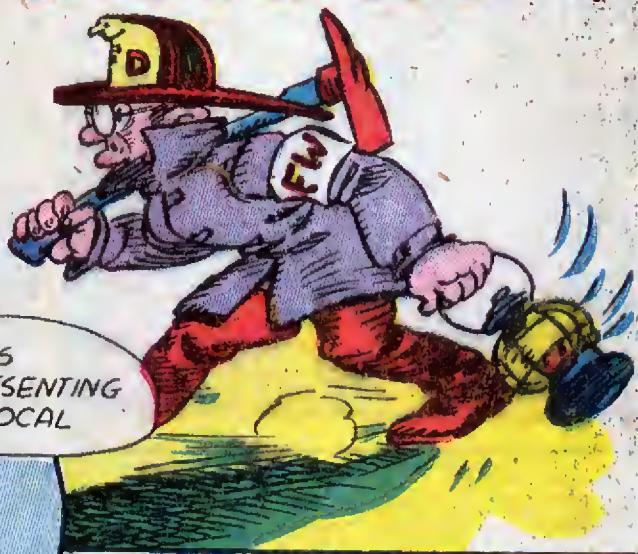
Resolutely Harvey moved toward the surf. Combers came bellowing in, long green tentacles with white nails reaching toward him. It would be a long, tough pull but he had to make it. It was dangerous, and Harvey loved that. Swiftly he moved forward, taking advantage of a lull in the raging waves to strike out.

THE water was cold, but after the first plunge Harvey felt his muscles coming alive, driving him through the chill water. It was a couple of hundred yards out to where the crippled sub lay.

He made it, although his lungs were laboring

SLAPHAPPY GRANDPAPPY

SLAPHAPPY GRANDPAPPY IS FIRE WARDEN IN HIS DISTRICT AND TAKES THIS ONE JOB QUITE SERIOUSLY!



AT A WEEKLY NEIGHBOR-
HOOD MEETING...

AS CHAIRMAN OF THIS MEETING, I SUGGEST EACH FAMILY OF THIS DISTRICT HAVE ONE MEMBER REPRESENTING THEM ON AT LEAST ONE OF OUR LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS!



FATHER, THAT MEANS YOU! BECAUSE I HAVE TO WORK IN THE FACTORY AND, OF COURSE THE TWINS ARE IN SCHOOL!

HUH? WHAT?



WHO ME? - W-W-WH-WHY, DAG-NAB-IT, WHY PICK ON ME? I'M BUSY WITH MY HOUSE WORK, FIRE WARDEN, AND STUFF!



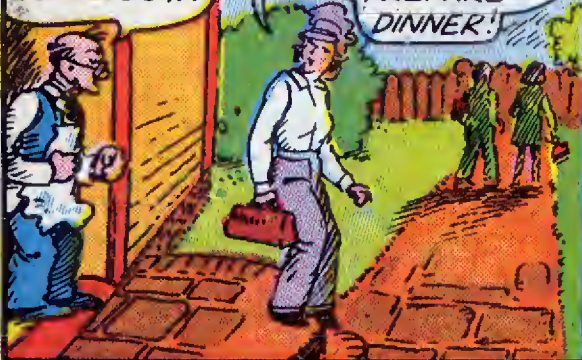
NOW I AM INNA MESS! THEY'VE GOT ME INTO MORE ORGANIZATIONS! RED CROSS! FIRST AID GROUP, AND OTHERS. I GUESS I'D BETTER JOIN THE LADIES AID-SEEIN' I'M ALREADY A HOUSEKEEPER!



NEXT DAY

REMEMBER, FATHER - SOON AS YOU FINISH YOUR HOUSEWORK YOU ARE TO REPORT TO THE RED CROSS! BE SURE TO COME HOME IN TIME TO PREPARE DINNER!

I AIN'T A GONNA DO IT!

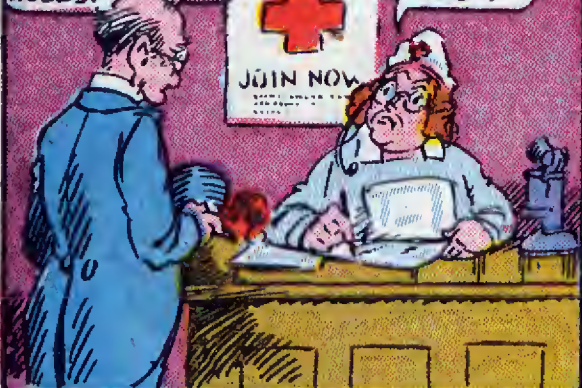


H-M-M-M. ON SECOND THOUGHT, THIS MAY NOT BE SO BAD!



I'M REPORTIN' FOR WAR WORK - REPRESENTIN' MY FAMILY - ACCORDIN' TO LAST NIGHT'S MEETIN' RULES!

HUMPH! WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN LIKE YOU DO?



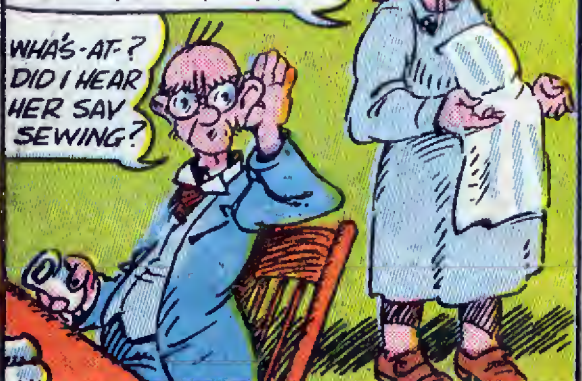
OLD HENS... LISTEN TO 'EM CACKEL -! AIN'T THERE ANY PURTY GALS LEFT? BAH - I'M GITTIN' TIRED OF THIS!

JABBER JABBER



ALL RIGHT, GIRLS, THAT'S ENOUGH BANDAGES ROLLED FOR TODAY - YOU MAY NOW GET OUT YOUR SEWING OR KNITTING!

WHAS-AT? DID I HEAR HER SAY SEWING?



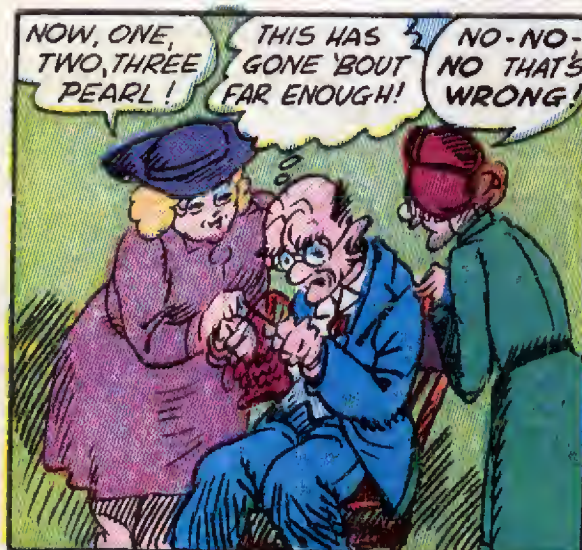
DID YOU EVER SEW, GRANDPAPPY?

WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN NOW!

NAW. I AIN'T GONNA PUT ON PETTICOATS!

AND I'M A GITTIN' OUTA HERE RIGHT NOW.





NOW, ONE,
TWO, THREE
PEARL!

THIS HAS
GONE 'BOUT
FAR ENOUGH!

NO-NO-
NO THAT'S
WRONG!



HUMPH-WHAT THAT
OLD GOAT NEEDS
-IS TH' STRONG
HAND OF A WOMAN
OVER HIM!
HUMPH!

BAH! WIMMEN! THIS
WAR IS JUST AN
EXCUSE FOR THEM
TO GIT BOSSY!



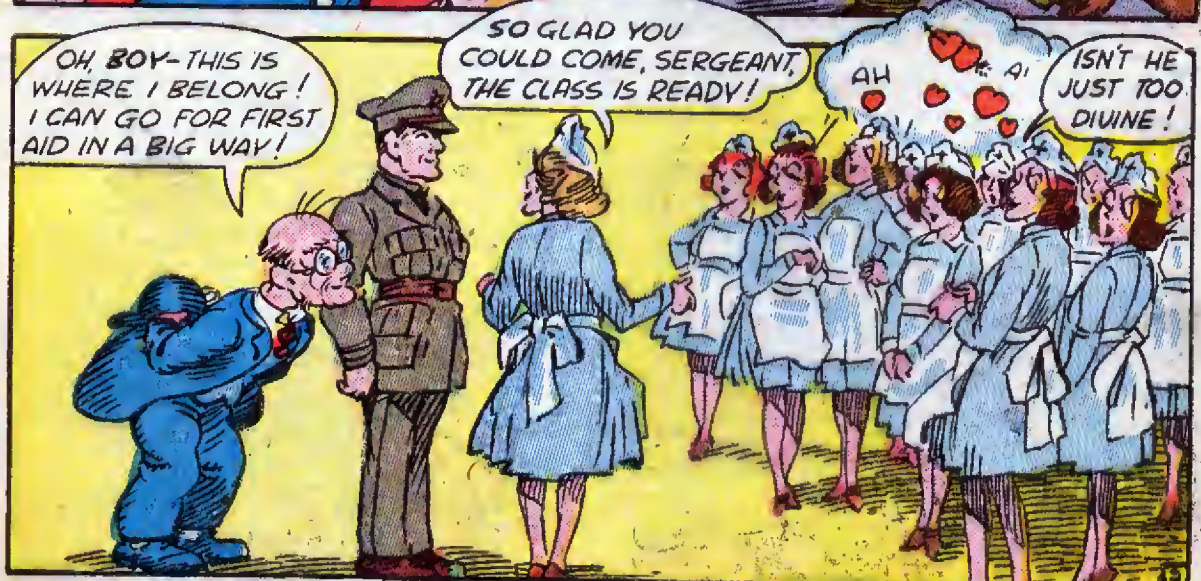
IT'S NOW 2 P.M. - GUESS I'LL GO
OVER TO THE FIRST AID CLASS! I
CAN AT LEAST LEARN SOMETHING
THERE - BUT, I'LL NOT LET ANY
MORE OF THEM OLD HENS RUN
ME RAGGED! GRRRRR



AH,
AT LEAST
THERE WILL BE
TWO MEN IN THE
CLASS AND NOT
JUST A LOT OF
OLD HENS!

MY CO. ORDERS
ME TO TEACH THIS
FIRST AID CLASS HOW
TO BANDAGE! I GUESS
THE CLASS IS
MADE UP OF A
BUNCH OF
OLD LADIES!

FIRST
AID
CLASSES

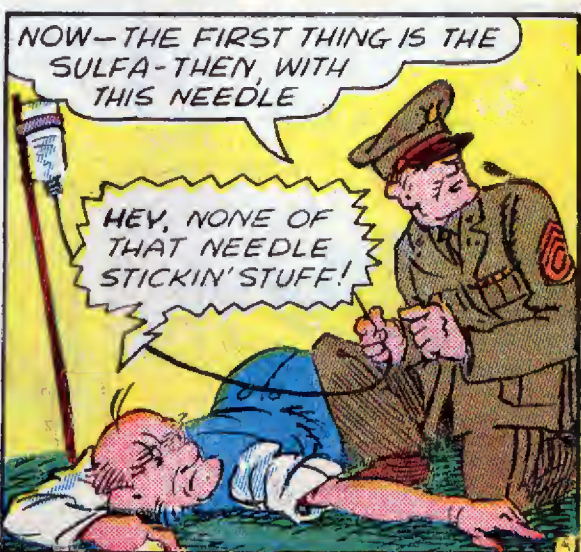
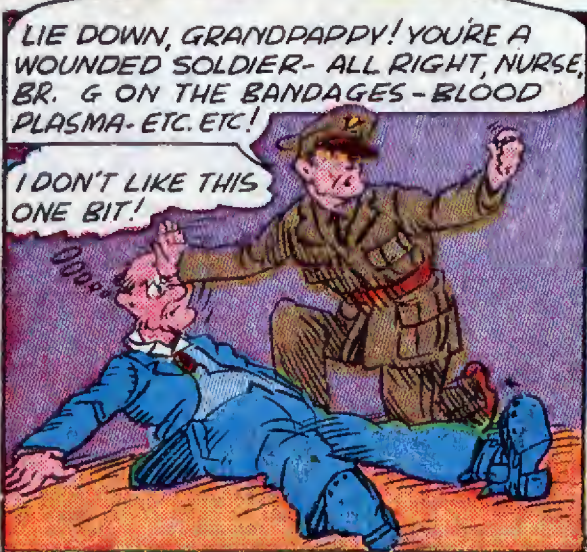
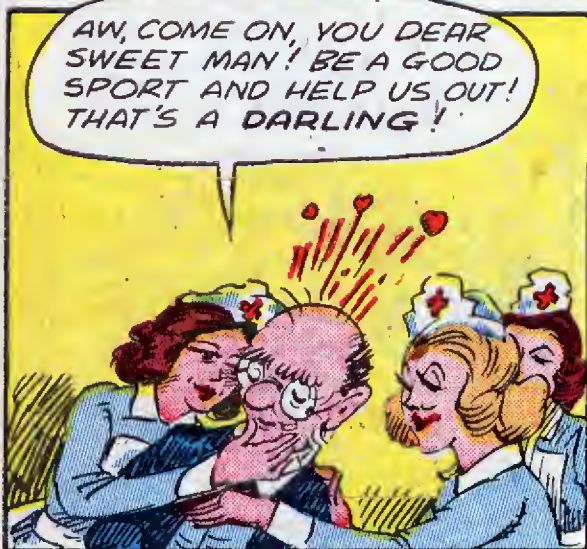


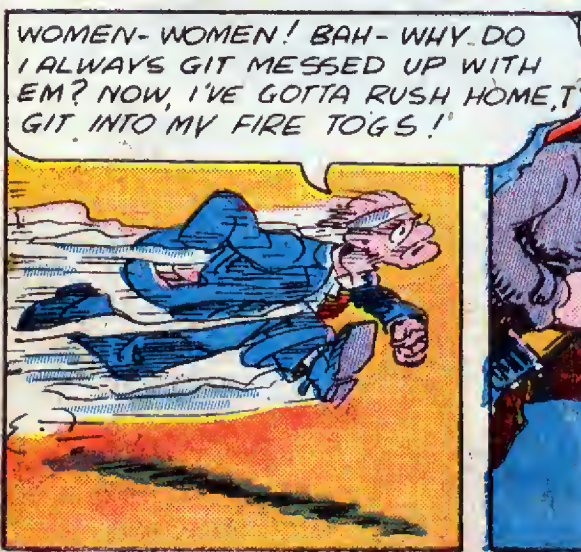
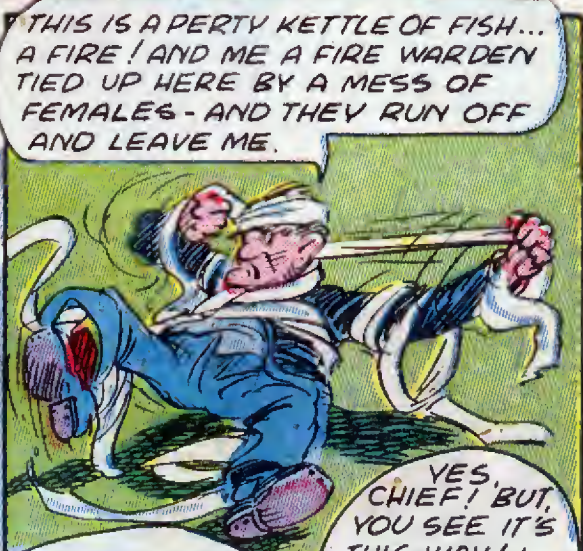
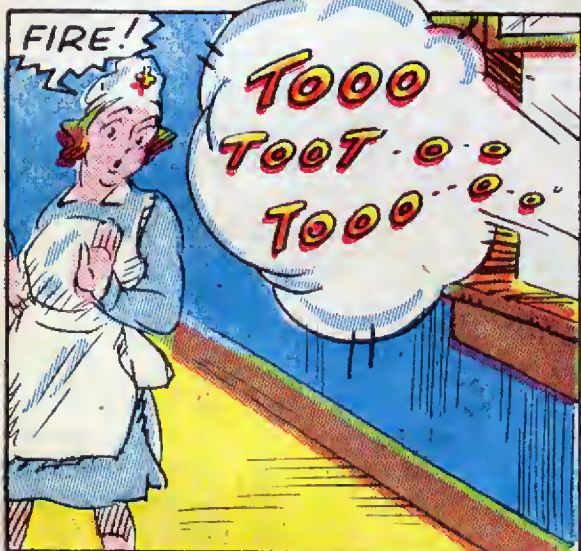
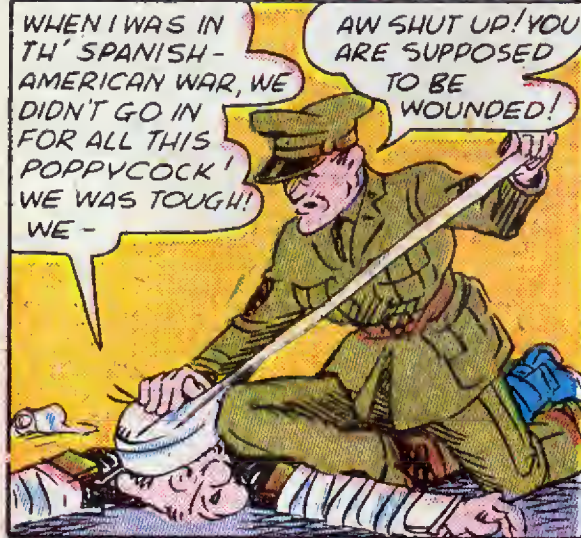
OH, BOY-THIS IS
WHERE I BELONG!
I CAN GO FOR FIRST
AID IN A BIG WAY!

SO GLAD YOU
COULD COME, SERGEANT,
THE CLASS IS READY!

AH

ISN'T HE
JUST TOO
DIVINE!





SEE
SLAPHAPPY
GRANDDADDY
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
THIS
MAGAZINE

SEE
DISTANT
SIGHTS!



BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



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- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival. (Same money back guarantee as above).

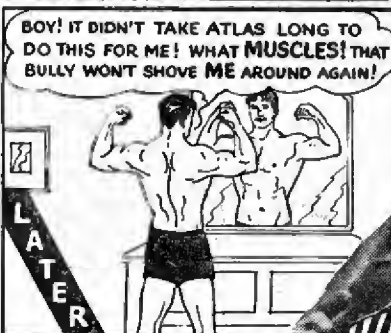
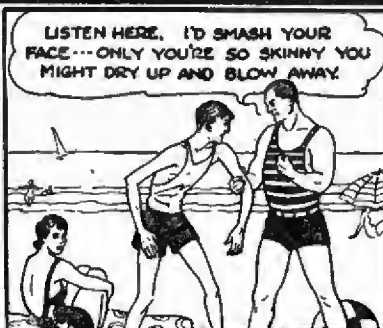
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BROUGHT HIM

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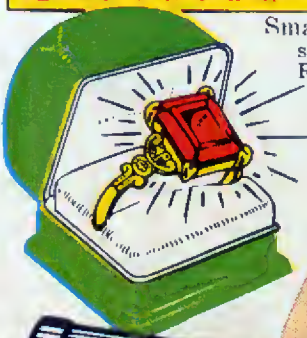


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Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes